

BUDDHISM: Religion and Politics

# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWS MAGAZINE



VOL. 84 NO. 24  
1964 U.S. PAT. OFF. 1

VERY  
VERY  
PALE



So pale that new Noilly Prat French Vermouth is virtually invisible in your gin or vodka. Extra pale and extra dry for today's correct Martinis.

**DON'T STIR WITHOUT NOILLY PRAT**

BROWNE-VINTNERS COMPANY, NEW YORK, NEW YORK • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.

*Meet New Orleans's Roosevelt Hotel  
president and his #1 greeter*



SEYMOUR WEISS joined the Roosevelt's staff in 1922. He hired Hammermill Bond (right) as a full-time, always-on-duty greeter a few years later.

"In my 42 years here," says Mr. Weiss, "we've never mailed out a form letter to answer incoming correspondence. Each one is dictated and individually typed. And we want our letterhead paper to reflect the same image that our hotel slogan does, *Pride of the South*."

"We order 100,000 letterheads on Hammermill Bond every three months—for executive use and for the guests in our 900 rooms. Roosevelt

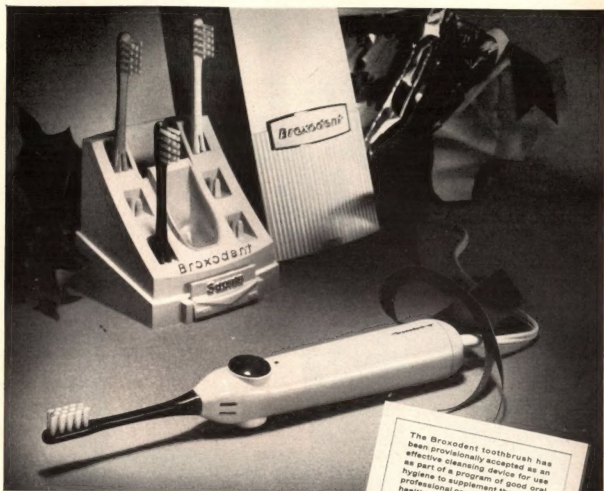
Hotel statements and business forms are always on Hammermill Bond, too.

"Oh, we did change letterhead paper once—about 28 years ago. We switched from 20-pound Hammermill Bond to the bulkier 24-pound. The extra impression we gained has been worth the small extra cost."

How does *your* greeter look and feel these days? It's easy to ask your printer for a new letterhead design on crisp Hammermill Bond. Hammermill Paper Company, 1453 East Lake Road, Erie, Pennsylvania 16512.



# Until Squibb introduced Broxodent, nobody ever thought of giving a toothbrush for Christmas



## It's from Squibb, so you know it's right for your teeth

In fact, the Squibb Broxodent automatic toothbrush makes a different, practical gift *any time* of the year.

That's because Broxodent is precision-made, tested in dental clinics over a 4-year period and proved highly effective and beneficial.

*Squibb Broxodent is completely different from every other electric toothbrush.* It has no batteries that wear

out or need recharging. Its power is constant and unfailing. The brush, with its specially designed bristles, moves up-and-down at a speed of 120 strokes per second. It whisks tiny food particles from the teeth and leaves the mouth feeling tinglingly clean and refreshed. The motor unit is permanently sealed against moisture in epoxy resin, and has only one

moving part—no plastic cogs that can jam or wear out.

Compare Broxodent with other automatics. You'll find its quality immediately apparent. Comes complete with stand and with 4 different colored brushes.

Specially gift-wrapped for Christmas. Somebody you know would welcome the Broxodent. Wouldn't you?

The Broxodent toothbrush has been provisionally accepted as an effective cleansing device for use as part of a program of good oral hygiene to supplement the regular professional care required for oral health.

The Council on Dental Therapeutics  
American Dental Association

BROXODENT®/the Automatic-Action Toothbrush from SQUIBB/a leader in dental research/BROXODENT® is a trademark • SQUIBB DIVISION **Olin**



# If you suspect your husband is bored with your cooking...

You don't need a cooking course to interest him again. Let Birds Eye do it for you. Serve him this tempting combination of peas and tiny pearl onions enhanced with a selection of seasonings. Why shouldn't vegetables be interesting to a man? There are twelve exciting Birds Eye vegetable combinations to choose from.





**From the golden age of Michelangelo comes the inspiration  
for the holiday splendour of Gold Label cigars**

A modern renaissance in the art of giving is magnificently expressed in a gala collection of Gold Label holiday gift presentations. Works of genius, faithfully re-created to reflect the elegant taste that is Gold Label itself. In 6 classic Gold Label shapes from \$4 to \$13. For the connoisseur of small cigars, the handsome Florentine Chest of 100 Gold Label Swaggers, \$12.

GRADIAZ ANNIS, FACTORY NO. 1, TAMPA, FLORIDA

WORLD LEADER IN LUXURY CIGARS.

*Gold Label*  
CUSTOMROLLED VINTAGE CIGARS

if you'd  
GONE TO FRANCE  
ON A BUSINESS TRIP,  
she'd WANT YOU  
TO BRING BACK  
SOME OF THOSE  
fabulous  
FRAGRANCES  
by CARON.

THIS CHRISTMAS, PRETEND YOU DID.



**MAKE IT MERRIER WITH CARON'S  
"MATCHED SET" GIFT COMBINATION:**

a beautifully-wrapped-and-ready presentation case (even the paper's French) containing both the purse-size, perfume-loaded Derringer and the exquisite Golden Spray filled with Eau de Toilette, in the Caron fragrance of your choice.\* \$12 and \$13, plus tax, at all fine stores. Each is available separately . . . refillable anytime.

PARFUMS CARON, PARIS.

**CARON**

\*FLEURS DE ROCAILLE • BELLODIA • NUIT DE NOEL



Now that you have acquired  
a taste for scotch...



you are ready for  
Hudson's Bay

Scotch takes a bit of getting used to. The novice will sip into it gradually. Probably start with one of the well-known "light" scotches. But once you acquire the taste, it's time for the rich full body and character of Hudson's Bay Best Procurable. (If you'd like to see how totally unlike great scotches can be, taste and compare a jigger of Hudson's Bay with a jigger of any of the others.)





## Will car insurance put a crimp in your Christmas?

A big auto insurance premium that falls due in December (or January) doesn't help when you're making out your Christmas gift list. For that matter, it's inconvenient at *any* time of the year!

A better way is to buy your insurance from Imperial and pay for it in eleven small monthly installments. No extra charge—and Imperial's rates are lower than those charged by most other companies. Also—even lower rates for "safe drivers!"

Imperial is also the only company to offer "Hot Line" claim service—instant day-or-night help and advice when you need it.

For full details on Imperial's "pay-as-you-drive" insurance and "Hot Line" claim service, simply mail the coupon below.

No salesman will call—you can select your own coverage and compare the cost with your present policy at your leisure. And remember: Imperial is a wholly-owned subsidiary of Standard Oil Company (Indiana) and is given the highest possible rating by the insurance industry's leading financial reporting service.

Don't wait until that next big insurance payment is due—get the facts now and be ready to "pay-as-you-drive!"

*A subsidiary of Standard Oil Company (Indiana)*

# Imperial

**Pay-As-You-Drive** AUTO INSURANCE

IMPERIAL CASUALTY AND INDEMNITY CO.  
Dept. V 1319 Farnam St., Omaha, Nebraska 68102

Send free booklet on low-cost "pay-as-you-drive" auto insurance.

Name

Street

City  State  ZIP

My present auto insurance policy expires

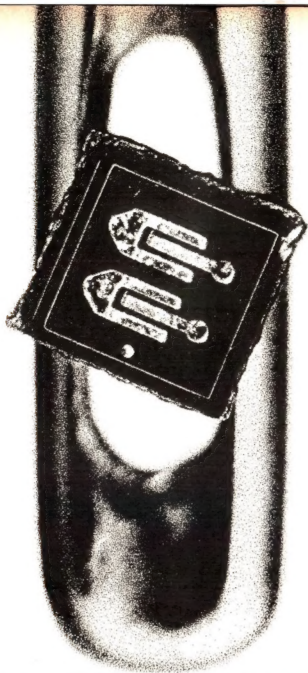
☐ I have a Standard Oil Credit Card. (If you do, and decide to own "pay-as-you-drive" auto insurance, monthly payments can be billed to your Credit Card Account.)



"Hot Line"  
Claim Service







## THE SMALLER THE BETTER: NEW DIMENSIONS IN CONVERSATION

In the eye of a needle above is a transistor switch that can turn on or off in ten billionths of a second. It is an example of the micro-miniature devices that Western Electric makes today for the new Electronic Switching Systems now being put into service in the Bell telephone network. Life-size, the unit shown is no larger than the period that ends this sentence. □ Produc-

ing electronic components that are nearly invisible to the naked eye calls for the ultimate in manufacturing care and precision at Western Electric, the Bell System's manufacturing and supply unit. □ Moreover, the ingenuity of our teammates at Bell Telephone Laboratories continues to yield communications products so unique that completely new techniques

are needed to translate them into volume production. Working closely with people at Bell Labs, Western Electric's engineers must develop the new machines and processes to do the job. □ Thus telephone teamwork brings new ideas into everyday reality. Result: your Bell telephone company is better able to provide you with continually new and better communications services.



**Western Electric**  
Manufacturing & Supply Unit of the Bell System

"Beautiful"



"Ballantine's"



"mm-m-m-m!"

**Most-gifted Scotch—**

**Ballantine's.** You can give Ballantine's Scotch proudly in its distinguished presentation package.

It's always appreciated—for its famous name and its remarkably smooth and light taste. That's why you and your holiday guests will thoroughly enjoy it, too. Available in gift-wrapped fifths, quarts and (where legal) half-gallons.





Beautiful sequel to success | this even livelier '65 Comet

We couldn't make the World's 100,000-Mile Durability Champion much tougher. So we made Comet even more beautiful... even livelier. The 1965 lines are crisp, clean, sporty. The engines are bigger, deliver more power, from

the thrifty "6" - now up to 200cu.in. - to the big Cyclone Super 289 V-8 (225 hp). The Comet ride is new, too. We

made it even smoother, solidier, quieter. And wait until you see all the luxury inside! But don't wait too long.



**Mercury Comet**

the world's 100,000-mile durability champion



Put her coffee break  
where her work is



with an OASIS  
Hot 'N Cold Water Cooler  
(Serves piping hot and icy cold water)

A transcribing assist from your secretary will suggest a happy solution to the coffee break. Simply put it where the work is. An OASIS does just that any time. ■ Hot drinks. Cold drinks. Soup. Water. You name it, OASIS has it—in the nifty line of water coolers called Hot 'N Cold. Handy? You bet! Your people get good coffee-break refreshment in a minute. No travel time. No wait time. No wasted time. ■ They'll like the money it saves. You'll like the time it saves. Since time is money, why wait? Did your secretary translate the note? Have her send in the coupon now.

**OASIS**  
Water Coolers

Sold or rented everywhere. Products of

**EBECO**

See the Yellow Pages. Also: OASIS Humidifiers and Dehumidifiers.

Send me a certificate for free beverage pack and booklet "OASIS Makes Water A Business Asset."

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### Report from farmers:

## IBM computers help America feed a soaring population

WITH the youngest girl in this family group has raised *her* family, it is predicted that America's population will have practically doubled. But during this time, the amount of land that will be available to grow food will actually decrease.

How will our farmers feed twice as many mouths from less land than is being planted now?

In many ways, computers will be helping farmers meet this challenge.

#### **The computer, new farm tool**

The computer is no stranger to farming. Agricultural experts have used IBM computers to work out programs that





*Snapshot of Mt. Kisco, N.Y., family reunion. Families are bigger today. IBM computers help agriculture expand food production.*

have helped make American farmers the best food producers in the world.

Computers are used in soil analysis to find missing nutrients, and prescribe fertilizers for increasing productivity.

Computers have helped scientists develop new varieties of grains, such as hybrid corns that double yield per acre.

Computers are even helping farmers outwit their oldest enemy, the weather.

In Maine, an IBM computer analyzes humidity and sunlight, then predicts the best picking time for apple growers.

In the Midwest, another IBM computer compares weather statistics to crop needs and gives farmers a basis for judging the best time to plant.

In many states, marginal land has been reclaimed through computer-analyzed irrigation projects.

#### **Now—farm management with aid of IBM computer**

Agricultural organizations employ IBM computers to improve farm management. In just minutes, a computer can analyze a thousand facts about a given farm and print out an operating plan for a whole year ahead.

It calculates the best-profit crops to grow, the proper crop rotation, the best paying ratio of livestock, the fertilizer and equipment to buy, the labor needed—and finally, it estimates the return that

the farmer can logically expect from his many different operations.

*Computers don't think, but in the hands of thinking men they can correlate sunlight with seed, seed with harvest, harvest with shipping costs to help farmers grow more and better food at lower cost.*

Thanks to the teamwork of scientists, agricultural colleges, experiment stations and government farm experts, our farmers are preparing to meet the growing needs of a growing population.

# **IBM®**

# TIME LISTINGS

## TELEVISION

Wednesday, December 9

**CBS REPORTS** (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). "Segregation: Northern-Style," a report, shot with hidden cameras, on the trials of a Negro family trying to buy a home in a white suburban neighborhood.

**BURKE'S LAW** (ABC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Burke's usual bag of interesting cameo players: Hans Conried, Broderick Crawford, Dan Duryea, Rhonda Fleming, Burgess Meredith and Mamie Van Doren.

**THE DANNY KAYE SHOW** (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Kaye and Guest Imogene Coca will perform *Swan Lake* with, one presumes, new variations.

Friday, December 11

**THE ENTERTAINERS** (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Thelma Ritter joins Regulars Bob Newhart, Caterina Valente and Don DeLuise.

Saturday, December 12

**THE NOBEL PRIZE AWARDS 1964** (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). A documentary special, hosted by Alistair Cooke, with behind-the-scenes deliberations and discussions by the judges, which were recorded on camera for the first time, and the presentations of the 1964 prizes.

Sunday, December 13

**THE TWENTIETH CENTURY** (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). "Who Killed Anne Frank?" is a report on the hunt for the remaining Nazi war criminals.

**PROFILES IN COURAGE** (NBC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). Sam Houston, and his courage in opposing the secession of Texas from the Union on the eve of the Civil War.

Monday, December 14

**BEN CASEY** (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). Joan Hackett as a polio victim bent on suicide.

Tuesday, December 15

**THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E.** (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Super-Agent Napoleon Solo needs Super-Schoolmarm June Lockhart to help him out of the clutches of Super-Frenemy Ricardo Montalban.

**THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE** (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). A special on Hitler's last big effort to pluck victory from defeat 20 years ago.

## THEATER

### On Broadway

**THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT**, by Bill Manhoff, is as timeless as a Punch-and-Judy show and as timely as *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* Diana Sands, as a sexy pussycat who claws, and Alan Alda, as a bookish owl who screeches, fill the evening with good, vulgar, neurotic laughter.

**LOV, LI** Wallach, Anne Jackson and Alan Arkin take a slapstick and tongue-wagging jaunt on a suspension bridge in Murray Schisgal's absurd spoof of the theater of the absurd. The hand of Mike Nichols mixes gags and sight gags with unerring skill.

**OH WHAT A LOVELY WAR**. For this musical-hall documentary, Joan Littlewood hits where it hurts with laughter by blending sentimentality, song and satire. A marvelously adroit cast, led by Victor Spinetti.

\* All times E.S.T.

plays the men and women who lived, joked and suffered through World War I. **COMEDY IN MUSIC**. Victor Borge proves himself a Great Dane as he toys with the ivories and tickles his audience in a 1½-man romp with Co-Pianist and Foil Leonid Hambro.

**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF**. One of the most remarkably versatile talents of the contemporary stage, Zero Mostel breathes nostalgic life into this pleasant, poignant musical comedy derived from Sholom Aleichem's tales of Tevye and his five daughters.

### Off Broadway

**THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY**. Mitty might have difficulty recognizing himself in this musical exercise thinly based on the Thurber character, but a clever cast and fresh songs and dances provide a zesty evening.

**CAMBRIDGE CIRCUS**. A group of zanies have brought the British revue back to beyond-the-fringe lunacy in a parade of consistently hilarious vignettes.

## RECORDS

### For Children

**MARY POPPINS** (Vista). The asperity of the real Mary Poppins has vanished, but the movie's sugar-coated Mary still has magic about her, thanks to Julie Andrews, who sings about half the Sherman brothers' songs on the sound track, including *Super-dilly-fragilistic-explalidocious*.

**NOAH'S ARK** (RCA Victor). One of four little "Dance-a-Story" albums with illustrations suggesting how to dance to the music. In this one, children imitate giraffes, bears, monkeys, birds, rabbits, snakes and turtles after they have sawed and hammered to build the Ark.

**DR. SEUSS PRESENTS HORTON HATCHES THE EGG, THE SNEETCHES, AND OTHER STORIES** (RCA Camden). Few parents can read aloud Dr. Seuss's funny, free-wheeling fantasies with as quick and droll a tongue as Actor Marvin Miller. He has already recorded *Bartholomew and the Oobleck* and *Yertle the Turtle*.

**"I DON'T WANT TO GO TO BED"** (Harmony). Children even up to age eight are vastly amused to hear Robbie, on one side of the record, and Kathy, on the other, act out all the dodges they themselves use to fight sleep ("I want a glass of water"; "There is a tiger in my room").

**WINNIE THE POOH NO. 2** (Two 45s: RCA Victor). Two well-dramatized A. A. Milne stories, about Pooh and Eeyore and Kanga and Baby Roo. A special hum of Pooh's signals when to turn the pages of the accompanying child-scaled booklet with colored pictures and text.

**HI NEIGHBOR 22** (U.S. Committee for UNICEF). Four of five countries—Brazil, Ghana, Israel, Japan and Turkey—come a favorite song or two and typical dances, with clear directions for attempting them.

**SNOOPYCAT** (Folkways). The warmth and beauty of Marian Anderson's voice brings to life a gentle series of stories and songs about her cat. For very little children.

**HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN FAIRY TALES** (Spoken Arts). Flooded with watered-down stories, parents and children who can understand English English should be

grateful for these articulate readings by British Actress Eve Watkinson and Old Vic Alumnus Christopher Casson. The latest LP, Volume VII, contains only *The Little Mermaid*. Boys might best start with the tricky, funny tale of *Great Claus and Little Claus* on Volume III.

## CINEMA

**TO LOVE**. Lust at first sight is good for grand though gross guffaws in Swedish Director Jörn Donner's tale of a repressed young widow (Harriet Andersson) who meets a fast-moving travel agent at her husband's funeral and gives nary a thought to the mourning after.

**IL SIDONE**. Though it sometimes seems a fumbling first version of *3½*, this Italian tragicomedy about a small-time swindler (Broderick Crawford) in bishop's clothing stirs interest as the missing volume of Director Federico Fellini's "trilogy of solitude" begun with *La Strada* and ending in *Le Notti di Cabiria*.

**THE PUMPKIN EATER**. A marriage is sliced open by Director Jack Clayton, and the raw wounds throb in Anne Bancroft's performance as an oft-wed British matron who is bored, betrayed and befuddled.

**THE FINEST HOURS**. This skillful documentary sums up the career of Sir Winston Churchill, often in his own eloquent words, and warms history with intimate views of Churchill's country retreats. **SEND ME NO FLOWERS**. As a suburban hypochondriac who feels the end is nigh, Rock Hudson prepares Wife Doris Day for widowhood while Tony Randall keeps the fun alive as a macabre neighbor.

**SCÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON**. Kim Stanley seems simultaneously sweet, bitchy, poignant and menacing in this taut British thriller about a psychotic psychic whose contact on the other side persuades her to carry out a kidnapping.

**A WOMAN IS A WOMAN**. A lissome Parisian striptease (Anna Karina) sheds her inhibitions in this giddy, free-form improvisation by French Director Jean-Luc Godard, who seems to have liberated his mind from all but youth, love, and a fondness for old Hollywood musicals.

**MY FAIR LADY**. As the irascible phonetic expert who transforms a grimy flower girl into an English rose, Rex Harrison suavely repeats for the camera his Broadway triumph in the Lerner-Lowe classic based on Shaw. Audrey Hepburn, in her full-blown rose period, is a delight.

**THE SOFT SKIN**. Air travel spells doom to an aging intellectual who develops an *idée fixe* about a stewardess in this triangular Gallic drama, exquisitely wrought by Director François Truffaut (*The 400 Blows*).

**WOMAN IN THE DUNES**. Japanese Director Hiroshi Teshigahara studies the human condition in a stunningly achieved metaphor—a man and woman trying to survive in a desolate sand dune.

**TOPKAPI**. For Director Jules Dassin's jewel thieves, getting their is only half the fun in this merry account of an Istanbul caper pulled off by Melina Mercouri, Peter Ustinov and other scoundrels.

## BOOKS

### Best Reading

**THE HORSE KNOWS THE WAY**, by John O'Hara. This is O'Hara's fourth large collection of short stories in as many years; he has now sworn off to concentrate on novels. Maybe he shouldn't. The latest volume enhances his reputation for brevity.

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86.8 PROOF. IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.



Give **Johnnie Walker Red**, so smooth it's the world's largest-selling Scotch.

Born 1820... Still going strong!





**Now comes bold  
new Brut for men.  
By Fabergé.**

**If you have any  
doubts about  
yourself,  
try something else.**

For after shave, after shower, after anything. Brut.

and wit as a social observer in the short story form.

**HENRY ADAMS; THE MAJOR PHASE**, by Ernest Samuels. This biography describes Adams' life of luxurious despair, traveling often and behaving, as Oliver Wendell Holmes put it, like "an old cardinal."

**A LITTLE LEARNING**, by Evelyn Waugh. The first part of the British satirist's autobiography comprises a warm, impressionistic recollection of childhood, a spirited account of high living at Oxford and a miserable tour as a master in a bleak boys' school in Wales—in fact almost all the ingredients of Waugh's brilliant first novel, *Decline and Fall*.

**HERZOG**, by Saul Bellow. The misery of an unwanted divorce and a custody case and the psychological desolation they inflict on a man of good will are remorselessly pursued by Bellow. The gloom is lightened by swatches of letters written by the hero to famous men, giving them, instead of his wife, a piece of his mind.

**LIFE WITH PICASSO**, by Françoise Gilot. In a rich year for autobiographies and memoirs, this account of the great artist by his ex-mistress of nine years holds a unique and surprisingly high place. Mlle. Gilot is unflinching frank about her own emotions as well as Picasso's, making her revelation of living with genius meaningful as well as authentic.

**MARKINGS**, by Dag Hammarskjöld. This disturbing book is in out-of-stock demand in most of the U.S. It is a record of the religious doubts and mystical exaltations that possessed the late U.N. Secretary-General during times of crisis as well as tedium in the huge glass box on Manhattan's East River.

**OF POETRY AND POWER**, edited by Erwin Glikas and Paul Schwaber. One of the few books of enduring significance among the 60-odd about President Kennedy published since the assassination. It is a collection of poems, written in grief and occasionally in anger by many of America's most talented poets.

**THE BRIGADIER AND THE GOLF WIDOW**, by John Cheever. In these short stories, the author writes again of exurbia: the proletariat of vice presidents, the charming, irresponsible remnants of old families, and the winning eccentrics.

## Best Sellers

### FICTION

1. Herzog, Bellow (1 last week)
2. The Rector of Justin, Auchincloss (2)
3. Condy, Southern and Hoffenberg (3)
4. Julian, Vidal (4)
5. This Rough Magic, Stewart (6)
6. The Man, Wallace (7)
7. You Only Live Twice, Fleming (8)
8. The Spy Who Came in from the Cold, Le Carré (5)
9. A Song of Sixpence, Cronin
10. The Brigadier and the Golf Widow, Cheever

### NONFICTION

1. Markings, Hammarskjöld (2)
2. Reminiscences, MacArthur (1)
3. My Autobiography, Chaplin (3)
4. The Italians, Batzini (4)
5. Patton: Ordeal and Triumph, Farago
6. The Kennedy Years, The New York Times and Viking Press
7. The Kennedy Wit, Adler (5)
8. A Tribute to John F. Kennedy, Salinger and Vanocur (7)
9. The Words, Sartre (9)
10. So What Else Is New?, Galden

there's  
no smoke  
like  
a pipe



Flame Grain  
Apple Shape  
\$15.00



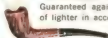
Centennial  
Buildup Shape  
\$25.00



Relief Grain  
Pot Shape  
\$8.95

—no pipe  
like  
Kaywoodie

Pipes and sets \$5.95 to \$2,500



## Kaywoodie Butane Pipe Lighter

Upright for cigars and cigarettes. Tilt for large, soft flame that won't scorch your pipe. \$9.95 and up with free miniature refill. Table models \$14.95 and up. Guaranteed against any mechanical defect for life of lighter in accordance with written guarantee.



# KAYWOODIE

Send 25¢ for 40-page catalog and sample of new imported Kaywoodie Tobacco. Tells how to smoke a pipe, shows all shapes and styles. Kaywoodie Pipes, Inc., New York 22, Dept. F3



*Just in time  
for Christmas—*



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have recommended  
for years now goes  
automatic!

All we make are Oral B toothbrushes. Dentists recommend them regularly. They recommend our new Automatic, too. Oral B was designed by a dentist.\* He specified slender nylon bristles to clean between teeth and in crevices. He specified resilient bristles to permit safe, thorough cleaning at the gum line, where tooth troubles often begin.

Our new Automatic design gives you 9,000 safe, up-and-down-strokes per minute with the toothbrush; or with one of the two attachments—one-tuft Stain-Remover or Massager-Polisher.

Cordless, thorough and gentle, the Oral B Automatic is the newest in a fine family of oral hygiene products.

### Oral B Automatic Oral Hygiene Kit \$21.95

EACH KIT CONTAINS 4 TOOTHBRUSHES...  
A POWER-HANDLE... RECHARGER BASE...  
MASSAGER-POLISHER AND STAIN REMOVER.

\*Patent No. 2,845,649

Dentist's name on request

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(say duu-boo-shay)

Light up the season's giving  
and living with 27 different  
DuBOUCHETT Cordials. Delightful  
after dinner, delicious any time!



Serve straight or as  
Alexander cocktail.  
Luscious topping  
for ice cream!  
51 proof



A traditional  
straight favorite.  
Superlative  
as a hot toddy!  
40 proof



Delightful  
straight drink.  
With crushed ice,  
makes a  
delectable frappe!  
60 proof



70 proof

MADE BY DUBOUCHETT & CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.



You can't get  
the whole picture  
in just a day or two.

In San Francisco's Chinatown this is the Year of the Dragon. Traditionally a good year to be active, to take part in things, to look for new adventures.

If you want to be active, you can climb any of San Francisco's three downtown hills (and take your choice of three 360° views). If you don't want to be *that* active, take a nine-mile-an-hour cable car and get the same result.

If you want to take part in things, a good place to start is North Beach—where you'll find 38 nightspots crowded into eight blocks. In the same area you can order dinner in French, Italian, Greek, Turkish, Spanish, Hindi or Basque.

If you want to look for new adventures, look first in

Chinatown. There are restaurants that specialize in shark fins, bird's nest soup and fried squid. There is a theater where they change the scenery while the show is going on. There are places where you can buy ginseng, joss sticks and ginger root.

If you want to do *all* these things during the Year of the Dragon (it comes only once every 12 years) better come soon. And plan to spend a week.

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as long as you're up get me a Grant's®



Please. That's right. The Scotch in the triangular bottle with 8 on it. Why? Because the Grant family knows it takes 8 years to lighten a Scotch. Smooth it out. Quality takes time. That's what they do back there in Glenfiddich. Pardon? The bar's bare? Well, there's plenty more Grant's under the tree. Bless you, my darling.

88 proof Scotch Whisky blended and bottled in Scotland. Imported by Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc., N. Y. © 1964





## THE MODERN WAY TO CARRY SPRAY...

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## LETTERS

### Congo Atrocities

Sir: As a surgeon in training who has had experience with medical missions, I could not help wincing as I read the gruesome, gory details of the Congo massacre (Dec. 4). Dr. Paul Carlson's death is immeasurably tragic. But we know this won't discourage others in our profession from making humanitarian missions to people who need our help very badly, like the Africans whom we should pity more than loathe for that barbaric deed.

T. D. BONZON, M.D.

Flushing, N.Y.

Sir: According to you, when a white man murders innocent Africans, he is only living up to his name as a mercenary and spraying savage Simbas, but when an African kills an intruding Caucasian, his condemnable action only shows that all Africans are atrocious cannibals warring against the civilized Christian and humanitarian white race! As a Nigerian, may I ask if you have forgotten the three civil rights martyrs of white Mississippi in the heart of "civilization"? No wonder the Chinese Communists have a case!

ADEOLA ADEMAJO

Los Angeles

Sir: It seems almost unbelievable that anyone, regardless of his nationality or political convictions, could vilify the Americans, British and Belgians for their humanitarian act in trying to rescue as many as possible of the white hostages in the Congo. Yet the Communists and their fellow travelers have the unmitigated gall to call this action "aggression, a warlike act," etc. Thank God America is still able to do all it can to protect its citizens.

JEAN SCHOEN

El Paso

Sir: Your attempt to depict the actions of a small and fanatic group as expressive of Africa and Africans generally would, I suspect, have distressed Dr. Carlson himself. Similar tragedies have been enacted among many peoples and in many periods of history, and surely the point of Conrad's story is that the "heart of darkness" lurks in us all.

JOHN DEMOS

Somerville, Mass.

Sir: Ever since the first reports began trickling in of the butchery in the Congo, I have been running around to my fellow whites calling on them to rejoice. "By golly," I cry, "those goddam nuns, missionaries and doctors are really getting

what they deserve. What are they but a bunch of lousy outside agitators, not even of the same race, going in there trying to change the Congolese way of life? Don't they have enough sin and disease back where they come from? Why don't they clean up the mess at home before bothering other people?"

It was funny in a way, particularly since the white Mississippian will nod his head zealously through about two-thirds of the spiel, until he gets the point. Slack-jawed indignation ensues. I am afraid, though, that you have ruined my sardonic joke. I got half way through your cover story before nausea overtook me, and it occurred to me that blind barbarism—in the Congo, in Mississippi—is the one citadel that will not tumble before mockery.

RICHARD W. BOFFETT

Rosedale, Miss.

### Man of the Year

Sir: For Man of the Year I nominate Dr. Paul Carlson.

(MRS.) ARVOLD JACOBSON

Antanimora, Madagascar

Sir: Chief Justice Earl Warren.

MARVIN E. COHEN III

Burlington, N.C.

Sir: The trio of civil rights workers murdered in Mississippi.

JOHN L. SUTER

Chiasso, Switzerland

Sir: Ara Parseghian.

JOHN KROPINAK

Belleville, Ont.

### Ecumenical Disputes

Sir: Perhaps the third session of the Ecumenical Council now completed should be known as the "Grand Illusion." The unyielding attitude of a powerful few on the religious-liberty issue, in the face of overwhelming approval, presages failure for "letting in a little fresh air," as envisioned by Pope John.

C. L. KUCERA

Columbia, Mo.

Sir: What TIME overlooks in its appraisal of the Ecumenical Council is that if there is a need for a mystical body such as the Roman Catholic Church, then it cannot be democratic. In the ideal democracy every man celebrates the continuous mystery of himself at the altar of his own divinity. In a world oriented to incentives, gain, self-aggrandizement and sanctified



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greed, there is an urgent need for a mystical, symbolic figure, which the role of Pope fulfills.

JOHN MCCLOSKEY

New York City

Sir: How pitiful that the Roman Catholic Church, in its frenzied effort to curry Protestant favor by emulation, has stripped the Mass of its unique significance, taken away the non-Catholic's prime source of attraction, and given its members another strong reason to re-examine a church that now resembles every other church except for one thing—birth control.

(MRS.) JOAN D. LADD

Niagara Falls, N.Y.

Sir: As a former dyed-in-the-wool conservative, I now wildly applaud the new changes in the Mass. Expecting the worst, I instead found myself involved in the most fascinating experience.

ALICE R. O'HARA

Hartford, Conn.

Four too Much

Sirs: I found to my great surprise that my age was increased four years by you in the article, "Thrills, Spills & Pola Negri" [Nov. 20]. The magazine stated that I was 69 years old. In reality, according to my birth certificate and passport, I was born on the 31st of December, 1899.

POLA NEGRI

San Antonio

Defending Alabamians

Sir: Though not so intended, an expression in your article on the Fifth Circuit Court [Dec. 4] does a serious injustice to my fellow Alabamians, viz.: "After his son's death in an auto accident, Judge Richard L. Rives was honored by his fellow Alabamians—they threw garbage on his son's grave."

My son was killed more than two years before I became a judge. Many years after I had gone on the bench, someone, whether an Alabamian or not I have no means of knowing, threw red paint and garbage on our son's grave. Whoever committed such an atrocity must have been mentally ill. Certainly, it should not be charged to my fellow Alabamians, the overwhelming majority of whom are as fine, decent, and fair-minded people as can be found anywhere.

RICHARD T. RIVES

U.S. Court of Appeals  
Montgomery, Ala.

Moneyed Prince Charlie

Sir: My attention has been drawn to your report [Nov. 27] entitled "The Princely Pauper." There is no truth whatever in the story that Prince Charles has sold his autograph at any time. There is also no truth whatever in the story that he sold his composition book to a classmate. In the first place, he is intelligent and old enough to realize how embarrassing this would turn out to be, and second, he is only too conscious of the interest of the press in anything to do with himself and his family. The suggestion that his parents keep him so short of money that he has to find other means to raise it is also a complete invention. Finally, the police would not have attempted to regain the composition book unless they were quite satisfied that it had been obtained illegally.

As to the essays in the book, you may be interested to know that the one about

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ANOTHER SIDE OF THE RECLINING BUDDHA

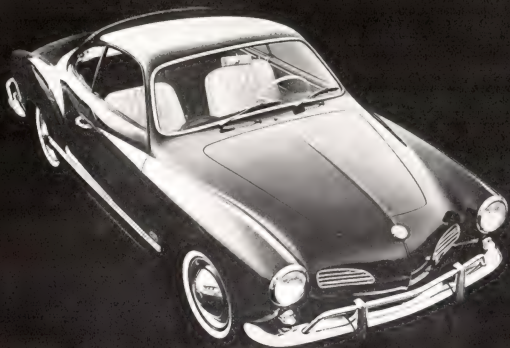
Bernard M. Over

To suggest the many-faceted nature of the story, Artist Bernard Safran painted representations of Buddha based on actual figures from four different countries, placing them on a background of the traditional Buddhist robe. At the top is the reclining Buddha in the Shwe Dagon pagoda in Rangoon, Burma, a 28-ft.-long, 19th century figure representing the attainment of nirvana. (For a look at the other side of this Buddha, see the photograph above.) The dominating figure in the center of the cover is copied from the Great Buddha of Kamakura, which is perhaps the best-known representation of a Buddha in the world. The 42-ft.-high bronze figure has 656 curls, 6-ft.-long ears and a yard-wide mouth on its 7-ft.-high face. Seated, with hands in lap, palms up and thumbs together in the traditional Buddhist attitude of contemplation, it was completely

To report on the many complexities of the force that is Buddhism in the world of 1964, we called on twelve correspondents and stringers spread throughout the lands where Buddha is a pervasive figure. The key correspondent was Tokyo Bureau Chief Terrold Schechter, who ranged over most of the Buddhist-influenced territory and who, not so incidentally, is finishing a book on Buddhism and politics in Southeast Asia. Absorbing all the reporting along with the rich store of existing Buddhist literature caused Writer Jason McManus to spend, appropriately enough, even more time than most cover stories require in sheer contemplation of all that the subject means. The result is a story that reveals Buddhism, the ancient religion assuming new political power, as a force with which thinking people around the world must be prepared to reckon.

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# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

December 11, 1964 Vol. 84, No. 24

## THE NATION

### MISSISSIPPI

#### A Crime Called Conspiracy

Holstered pistols and blackjacks bumped against their hips and red mud clung to their boots as Neshoba County Sheriff Lawrence Rainey and Deputy Cecil Price got out of their squad car and walked into the Philadelphia, Miss., courthouse one chill morning last week. Just back from a dawn search for a moonshine still in backwoods country, neither seemed to notice four men in trench coats waiting in cars parked near the courthouse.

Moments after the lawmen entered

other FBI men had fanned out through the area. In quick, efficient visits to piney woods, farms, back-road gas stations and roadside house trailers, they collected a motley crew of 19 more men—including a Freewill Baptist preacher, a tavern bouncer, a 71-year-old Philadelphia cop, and a 17-year-old high school dropout. The 19 were charged, too, in connection with the killings. Whatever the outcome, the trial will certainly become one of the most celebrated in years—if only because the murder of the three young civil rights workers had been so shameless, shocking and senseless a crime.

**Marked for Death.** On June 21, a scorching, oppressive day, Schwerner, Chaney and Goodman had driven a blue station wagon through Neshoba County to investigate a burned-out Negro church near Philadelphia. All worked with the Council of Federated Organizations in Meridian, Miss., setting up voter-registration projects. Chaney, a Negro, was a native of Meridian. Goodman, a New Yorker, had begun work only that day. Schwerner, a bearded youth from New York, had been a COFO worker in Philadelphia for six months. Because of his civil rights aggressiveness and because he was Jewish, he had been marked for death as early as May by an occult segregationist organization called the White Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. Founded just last March, the Knights dedicated themselves to carrying out terrorist tactics against civil rights workers coming in from the North.

After visiting the church, the three workers were stopped by Cecil Price, who claimed that they were speeding near Philadelphia. He tailed them until long after dark, then released them. They disappeared. Price insisted that he followed them to the edge of town, saw them drive away.

Two days later, their burned-out station wagon was found. On Aug. 4, FBI men acting on a tip, dug a single hole in a new earthen dam on Old Tolly Farm six miles from Philadelphia and uncovered the three bodies. Each man had been shot to death with a .38-caliber weapon; Chaney had been beaten so horribly that a pathologist who performed an autopsy said he had never seen such injuries except in a high-speed auto accident or a plane crash.

**"The Plan & the Purpose."** The FBI heeled up its Mississippi forces to 153 men—ten times the normal complement. The contingent was headed by able Roy K. Moore, 50, a native of Oregon and a 26-year FBI veteran. Around Philadelphia agents met almost as much hostility as the civil rights workers had—one found several snakes in his car one morning. But the FBI built its case persistently. Agents infiltrated the White Knights of the Klan, paid out several thousand dollars for information.

When the FBI finally made its arrests, it outlined the charges in chilling tones.



DEPUTY PRICE

After the moonshine search . . .

their office, the four FBI agents left their cars, went into the courthouse, quietly told Rainey and Price they were under arrest. Unsurprised, the sheriff removed his pistol and badge, handed his keys to his secretary. Then Rainey and Price walked out with the agents, down through a cursing gauntlet of local red-necks who had gathered as soon as they spotted the FBI men, now as familiar as neighbors after months of work in the area. The crowd knew perfectly well that at last the long-awaited event had occurred. Neshoba County's two top law officers had been charged with complicity in the murder of three civil rights workers—Michael Schwerner, 24, James Chaney, 21, and Andrew Goodman, 20.

On that same grey morning, some 60



SHERIFF RAINNEY

. . . the subject was death.

Said the FBI report last week: "It was part of the plan and purpose of the conspiracy that Cecil Ray Price, acting under the color of his office," would arrest Schwerner, Chaney and Goodman "without lawful cause, and detain them in the Neshoba County jail." Then, said the FBI, Price arranged it so that when they left the jail he and nine other men—members of warm admirers of the White Knights of the Klan—could intercept them outside town. The killers forced them into other cars, drove down an isolated road, "and did threaten, assault, shoot and kill them." The lynchers hauled the bodies to the Old Tolly Farm, dumped them in a shallow grave. A few days later, tons of dirt for the dam were piled atop the grave. Rainey himself was not involved in the kill-

ings, said the FBI, but was well aware of the conspiracy.

Despite the agents' certainty that they had nailed the men who had plotted the murders, they still could not directly charge them with the slayings. Murder is a state offense, except on federal property, and the Mississippians were therefore beyond the jurisdictional reach of the Federal Government so far as murder was concerned. Six of the 21 arrested—including Rayner and Price—were charged under a section of an 1870 law that was passed, ironically, to control Klan terrorism nearly a century ago. Titled "Conspiracy Against Rights of Citizens," it reads: "If two or more persons conspire to injure, oppress, threaten or intimidate any citizen in the free exercise or enjoyment of any right or privilege secured to him by the Constitution or laws of the United States, or because of his having so exercised the same . . . they shall be fined not more than \$5,000 or imprisoned not more than ten years, or both." The other two were charged with failing to give information about a felony—which carries a maximum \$500 fine and three-year prison term.

**Back at Work.** Within hours after the arrests, U.S. Commissioner Esther Carter fixed bond at \$5,000 for those charged with the rights violation, and at \$3,500 for the other two. All of them quickly posted it. Price and Rayner were back at work in the Neshoba County sheriff's office that afternoon.

At week's end Mississippi officials refused to charge anyone with murder. FBI charges will be heard in a federal court in Meridian. There can be no change of venue unless the defense asks for it—which will not happen. Thus the 21 will be judged by a jury of their Mississippi peers, and Mississippi juries are not noted for convicting people accused of civil rights crimes.

## Cooling the Controversy

In view of the Mississippi arrests, criticism directed against FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover by civil rights groups could be expected to subside. Although Hoover had drawn such fire by an intemperate attack upon the Rev. Martin Luther King, he last week agreed to King's suggestion that the two talk over their differences. The 70-minute meeting in Hoover's Washington office seemed to cool the controversy and, reportedly, King, led to "a much clearer understanding on both sides."

Neither man really retreated. King told Hoover that he still thought that, while "the FBI can arrest on the spot in other cases, it seems slower to act in civil rights cases." After the meeting King told newsmen that he still feels that "justice delayed is justice denied—but I'm not going to criticize the past."

For his part, Hoover contended that the FBI is an investigative agency, which often cannot act without Justice Department instructions. He later expanded on that theme in an interview with former Associated Press Correspondent Don Whitehead, author of *The FBI Story*. "I don't enjoy a controversy, and I don't go looking for one," said Hoover. "But I cannot let attacks on the FBI go unchallenged when they are unjustified." He complained that civil rights groups "want us to be bodyguards and to give personal protection, but that is impossible. Our agents cannot be used as instruments for social reform. They are law-enforcement agents. After all that has been written, so few people know what we legally can do and can't do."

The FBI's job, said Hoover, "is to gather facts when there is an indication that a federal law has been violated. These facts are presented to the Department of Justice and the department de-

cides whether there will be or will not be a prosecution. An FBI agent is not authorized to pass judgment on the guilt or innocence of a person. He can only gather the facts and let the facts speak for themselves. If he were allowed to become an investigator, judge and jury all in one, then we would have no constitutional law enforcement. We would have a police state."

Hoover said he had no plans for imminent retirement, chuckled at speculation that his tuss with King might force his leave-taking. Said he: "I intend to remain active because I just don't like the rocking-chair life."

## FOREIGN RELATIONS

### The Situation

The momentous meeting was over, and White House newsmen were finally admitted to the Cabinet Room. Charles Mohr of the New York Times was in the vanguard, and he reported the next day that he had heard Defense Secretary Robert McNamara say, with considerable vehemence, to the President of the U.S.: "It would be impossible for Max to talk to these people without leaving the impression that the situation is going to hell."

The "situation," of course, was South Viet Nam, which is certainly going to hell. The "Max" was U.S. Ambassador to South Viet Nam Maxwell Taylor, who had just finished a 23-hour report to the President and top U.S. State Department and military leaders. The President took McNamara's advice, and Taylor did not hold a press conference that might have been provocative.

**Try Harder, Do Better.** The official communiqué was properly bland, saying in effect that President Johnson had instructed Taylor to go back to Viet Nam and urge the South Vietnamese government to try harder and do better. But there was one tough-sounding sentence about how North Vietnamese help for the Communist guerrillas was building up; implied was the possibility that the U.S. might, as Taylor had urged, extend the war.

Aware that the White House meeting was about to take place, and probably anticipating Taylor's recommendations, the North Vietnamese and the Chinese Communists had already started hawking charges that U.S. planes were bombing Communist installations in the so-called neutralist buffer zone between North and South Viet Nam. And hardly was the White House meeting over than the Soviet Union started squawking about how the U.S. was "playing with fire" in even considering a step up in the Vietnamese war effort.

Fact is, the Communists probably didn't have too much to worry about: although he is playing his cards close to his chest (as he should), and acting as though he will take drastic action if the Communists do not start behaving themselves in Southeast Asia (which they probably won't), the likelihood is



KING AT FBI HEADQUARTERS  
From criticism to better understanding.

that the President has no intention now of extending the Vietnamese war in any meaningful way.

**Back to the Wolves.** Max Taylor, good soldier that he is, tried to make the best of it all. After the White House session, Taylor conferred again with various State Department and Defense officials, returned at week's end for another conference with Johnson.

This time, the President did let Taylor talk to reporters, and Max had obviously got the word about the situation. "You're throwing me to the wolves again, Mr. President," he said amiably. He went on to say that he and President Johnson had "talked about all aspects of the situation—everything you can think of." He concluded by saying that his paramount duty on returning this week to Saigon would be to confer with South Vietnamese officials about subjects ranging "across the board."

## ARMED FORCES

### One Who Was Belligerent

So far, 225 U.S. servicemen have been killed in that Vietnamese war in which their country still does not admit to being an official combatant. Last week, the White House announced that a Medal of Honor had been awarded to Army Special Forces Captain Roger Hugh C. Donlon for "conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity" in action against the Viet Cong.

Said the White House announcement: "This is the first Medal of Honor awarded to an individual who distinguished himself while serving with a friendly force engaged in an armed conflict in which the United States is not a belligerent party."

The mild idiosyncrasy of that statement should take nothing away from Donlon, now 30. A tall, sandy-haired man, he enlisted in the Air Force in 1953, was appointed to West Point in 1955. After two years, he decided that the military life was not for him, left to take a job as a data processor with International Business Machines Corp. in Manhattan. A mere ten months of button-down hustle and bustle made Donlon decide that he really wanted to be a soldier. He enlisted in the Army, graduated in 1959 from Officer Candidate School at Fort Benning, Ga.

In Viet Nam last summer, Donlon was commanding a detachment assigned to defend Camp Nam Dong, 400 miles north of Saigon. At 2:25 a.m. on July 6, a Viet Cong battalion launched a full-scale surprise attack. In the course of the five-hour battle, Donlon seemed to be everywhere, firing and hurling hand grenades under a hail of enemy bullets and mortar shells. He shot down a three-man Viet Cong demolition team threatening the main gate of the defense compound. He dragged urgently needed ammunition across open areas to gun positions. When he discovered a wounded gun crew, he stayed behind to cover their withdrawal.



CAPTAIN DONLON & THE PRESIDENT  
From button-down hustle to heroism.

al. Donlon himself was wounded four times, the first a stomach wound into which he stuffed a handkerchief to stem the flow of blood. Yet he refused aid for himself until after daylight, when all of his men had been tended to.

## THE PRESIDENCY

### On His Mind

Introducing Interior Secretary Stewart Udall to 108 U.S. Olympic medal winners at a White House luncheon, President Johnson described him as a onetime "star guard on the baseball team" at the University of Arizona. An aide later issued a correction, said the President had really meant football. Actually, Udall was a basketball guard, and a good one.

If the President seemed preoccupied, it was because he had weightier matters on his mind, as he demonstrated in a pair of major speeches last week.

At Georgetown University's 175th memorial convocation, Johnson dealt with the problems of NATO. "The Atlantic Alliance," he said, "is not in the midst of crisis, as some alarm-mongers would have you believe. But it is in the midst of change . . . To change patterns of thought or the shape of institutions is never very easy. Today's discussion and debate, the flow of ideas and proposals, is proof of coming change and a spur to continuing action."

"We have a common interest in the defense of the West. For 20 years the atomic might of the United States has been the decisive guard of freedom. Ours remains the largest strength, and ours a most awesome obligation. But we realize the reasonable interest and concerns of other allies—those who have nuclear weapons of their own and those who do not. We seek ways to bind the Alliance even more strongly together by sharing the tasks of defense

through collective action and meeting the honorable concerns of all."

In his second speech, to the Business Council, the President warned commercial bankers against raising their lending rates as a result of the Federal Reserve Board's recent increase in the discount rate.

Many a banker around the U.S. found cause for consternation in the President's outlook. They had been convinced throughout the campaign that Lyndon Johnson was a man who harbored a real sympathy for men of business and motives of profit. But what Johnson said took almost instant effect as one of the banks he had most immediately in mind reversed a lending rate hike (see U.S. BUSINESS).

Last week the President also:  
► Had two small, wartlike growths removed from his right hand with an electric needle by a pair of Washington dermatologists in his White House bedroom. Press Secretary George Reedy said later that the growths were merely thickenings of the skin caused by overexposure to the sun and that there was "no suspicion of malignancy."

► Dug up a shovel of earth at groundbreaking ceremonies for Washington's \$46 million John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts. Construction will get under way next summer.

► Spoke by White House telephone for commissioning ceremonies at Newport News, Va., for the Nuclear Submarine *Sam Rayburn*.

### A Texan's Texan

It is hardly a secret that President Johnson likes Texans—and has imported a fair number of them to work in Washington. Yet the Texan that Lyndon probably likes best of them all is one he has left behind. He is A. W. (for Albert Wadell) Moursund, 45, who lives in a modest ranch house in the



hills of central Texas, works out of a small brick building off Johnson City's courthouse square, has a passion for anonymity, and insists to inquiring newsmen that "I don't give interviews. I just practice law, that's about all."

Moursund practices more than a little law: he is recognized as a highly respected authority on the law of real property in a state where such expertise counts heavily. He is also the principal trustee of all the Johnsons' land, cattle, municipal bonds, radio and television holdings. Elected Blanco County judge, a largely administrative post, in the mid-'50s, he quit politics after five years, but still is known as "the Judge" around Johnson City.

Through *Prickly Pear*, Moursund is an all-round man in the best Texas tradition. He controls a local bank. He can survey land, brand cattle, ride a horse through prickly pear cactus, steer his Lincoln Continental through cedar brush in pursuit of game, drop a deer with unerring aim, then gut and skin the animal. To the Judge ranching is more of a pleasure than a source of income. Explains an associate: "He gets a real kick out of manipulating cattle from one pasture to another." He also enjoys food in quantity. When he speaks of a "couple of hamburgers" for lunch, it turns out to be thick chunks of roast round steak, rolls, iced tea, jalapeños, peas, fried potatoes, fruit cake, and cottage cheese salad.

Johnson's admiration of Moursund knows no bounds. Shortly after he became President, he boasted to newsmen that Moursund, who stands 6 ft. 3 in., and weighs 230 lbs. with no fat, could "whup Sonny Liston tonight, right now." According to Lyndon, Moursund keeps a six-shooter in the glove compartment of his Lincoln and is fast on the draw. A few months after Jack Kennedy's death, Johnson declared: "If anybody tried to do anything to me, the Judge would get him before anybody." Moursund also keeps a .30-caliber rifle with a nickel-plated barrel clipped under the front seat of his car. Explains he: "When you have to shoot a rattlesnake, pistols aren't worth a damn."

The Judge is also at home on water. Once Lyndon developed a craving for a cruise up the narrow, treacherous Llano River on a winter night so pitch-dark that Moursund stepped right off the end of the pier into hip-deep water. Yet A. W. took the wheel of the cruiser, while Lyndon unconcernedly ate shrimp in the cabin below. Said Johnson: "He'll get us there, I wouldn't trust anybody else."

**An Extra Million.** Moursund's business acumen is held in awe, particularly by those who recall such feats as his 1958 sale of 631,000 acres on three ranches owned by the West-Pyle Cattle Co. for almost \$3,000,000—a cool \$1,000,000 more than the owners had expected. He did it by rounding up the biggest cattle buyers in the Southwest,

carefully sorting the cattle by breed, size and quality, insisting on sealed bids for each pen.

Moursund comes naturally by such talents. His father, A. W. Moursund Jr., had developed ranch holdings in Blanco County, founded Johnson City State Bank (it survived the Depression but closed in the late '30s), and married Mary Frances Stribling. The Striblings, largely through Mary's mother, Lurania, who had a knack for acquiring land and stocking it profitably with cattle, sheep and goats, owned some 100,000 acres near the Pedernales River. Lurania was once asked how much land she thought was "enough." "Just what's mine," she said, "and that which joins mine."

The Judge worked as a boy on a grandmother's ranch, earned a law de-



A. W. MOURSUND  
A little more than law.

gree from the University of Texas and learned practical law from his uncle, Anton N. Moursund, who at 88 is still a respected circuit judge in San Antonio. After 42 months' duty as an Air Force staff sergeant in World War II, A. W. set up practice in Johnson City. He also gradually expanded his inherited lands into a millionaire's fortune of his own.

**"More Little Places."** It was a land deal that brought Johnson and Moursund, who had been neighbors and friends for years, closer together. In the early '50s Johnson sought the lawyer's help in putting the LBJ Ranch together from land held by Lyndon's grandfather, Samuel Laly Johnson. Moursund handled the legal work efficiently, also proved a sharp adviser on new grasses, breeding and pasture planning. As Lyndon rose in Washington politics, he came to rely more and more on A. W. to tend to business matters at home.

Two ranches, now part of the Johnson trust, are jointly owned by Johnson and Moursund. Acquired in 1961 and

1962, they are the 2,186-acre Three Springs Ranch along the Pedernales in Blanco County and the 4,500-acre Haywood Ranch in the lake region of nearby Llano County. They consist chiefly of pastureland on which cattle, sheep and Angora goats thrive. Moursund explains his interest in such land acquisition with typical understatement. Says he: "The more little places you have, the better off you are."

Nowadays, when Lyndon is at the LBJ Ranch or even taking one of his patented auto tours of his property, Moursund can reach him by radiotelephone either from the Moursund office, his car, or from the Moursund house. And when Lyndon is in Washington, all Moursund has to do is pick up a white telephone on a counter in his kitchen. A small blue White House symbol on its face indicates that it is a special, direct line to the President.

## INVESTIGATIONS

### Parties & Payments

Anyone who has followed the Bob- by Baker case even vaguely knows of charges of a political payoff to help finance the 1960 presidential campaign and of reports that Baker used shapely party girls to help smooth the way for his shady deals. Last week the fact that there was indeed a lot of loose change floating around—\$35,000, to be exact—was confirmed beyond a doubt, to whatever purpose it may have been used. And the Senate Rules Committee, reopening its hearings into the Baker affair, also began pinning down some of that party-girl talk.

**To Stump the Snoopers.** Star witness was Insurance Man Don Reynolds, 48, an old business buddy of Baker's. He testified that in 1959 Baker arranged an insurance kickback from Philadelphia Contractor Matthew McCloskey, 71, former Democratic National Committee treasurer and Ambassador to Ireland under John F. Kennedy, who was then angling for the contract to build Washington's \$20 million municipal stadium. McCloskey, said Reynolds, made the payoff by handing over \$35,000 more than he had to on the premium on a performance bond for stadium construction.

"I," said Reynolds, "was the bagman in this thing from beginning to end. The bagman is the man pushed around for having been the medium . . . I was low man on the totem pole." Of the \$35,000, Reynolds said, he kept \$10,000 for himself, and "Bobby told me that \$15,000 was to go for the presidential campaign and the other \$10,000 was to go for political purposes as he and Mr. McCloskey saw fit—mostly Bobby." Reynolds said that Baker further told him to "stick the money in a bank you don't ordinarily use, so those people snooping around will have a hell of a time locating it."

Despite the fact that Reynolds by his own testimony is a pretty shady char-



BOBBY BAKER



MATT McCLOSKEY



DON REYNOLDS

### A bagman, or \$35,000 gone astray?

acter, he produced some impressive documents to support his story: 1) an invoice in the amount of \$109,000 sent to McCloskey by Reynolds, 2) a check for \$109,000 sent to Reynolds by the McCloskey company, and 3) a bill for only \$64,000, the performance-bond premium minus Reynolds' regular \$10,000 commission, sent to Reynolds by the insurance company for which he was agent.

**Somebody Goofed.** McCloskey, who testified later, agreed that the \$35,000 had gone somewhere, and that Reynolds had indeed been overpaid. But, he said, it was only because "somebody in our organization goofed." Company officials, he insisted, believed that Reynolds' bill was for both a performance bond and general liability insurance, erroneously sent him a check large enough to cover both. "We make goofs like that every once in a while," he said. As for the \$35,000, said McCloskey, "we have plans to recoup it. That's for sure."

That left it all pretty much a case of Reynolds' word against McCloskey's. And as far as Bobby Baker was concerned, that was how it would stay. Appearing under subpoena before the committee last week, Baker invoked not only the Fifth Amendment, but the First, Fourth and Sixth, refusing to answer more than 40 Rules Committee questions.

But Delaware's G.O.P. Senator John Williams, who first blew the whistle on Baker and who was sitting in on the hearings although not a member of the committee, was unwilling to let it go at that. His reluctance set off a shouting match. Williams said he had offered Committee Counsel Lennox McLendon, a back-home crony of Committee Chairman Everett Jordan's, Democrat of North Carolina, a "rather complete file" on various McCloskey contracts. McLendon, he said, had brushed the offer aside, saying he wasn't interested. Roared McLendon: "Senator, you're

absolutely and unalterably untrue in your statement. . . . You ought to at least tell the truth." Later Williams, still burning, cried to the committee: "I've had my integrity challenged twice this week. No man gets a third chance to call me a liar." With that he stalked from the room. By so doing he missed the spiciest testimony of the week.

**Good as His Word.** Next day came the bit about the breads. Committee Investigator Samuel Scott told of a rip-roaring time Baker and a Puerto Rican business crony named Paul Aguirre had in New Orleans with a pair of lovelies last year. Baker and Aguirre, said Scott, went to the city to look over a housing development that offered investment possibilities, took with them Baker's secretary, Carole Tyler, and German-born Vamp Ellen Rometsch, who has since been deported. They wound up, said Scott, spending "several days partying."

Scott said that he had talked with Aguirre about the fling. But Aguirre had vowed that it called to testify. "I'll deny it, even if the committee has photographs. . . . My wife is expecting a denial and she'll get it. I'll take the First through the 28th." Before the committee last week Aguirre was as good as his word, refused to answer 66 questions put to him.

### THE ADMINISTRATION Hope for Hucklebuck

Charles ("Hucklebuck") Logan, a 17-year-old Baltimore Negro, dropped out of school last year because he had flunked the same class twice. His parents are separated. He lives in roach-infested rooms with his grandmother, makes a little walking-around money by washing cars at \$1 apiece. His social life is pretty rugged: at a party last year one of his friends was shot

dead at Hucklebuck's feet; shortly after that Hucklebuck himself was knited at another party. He is on probation for receiving stolen goods.

One day last week Hucklebuck Logan arose at 5 a.m., hussed to Baltimore's grimy city hall. When the offices opened at 8:30 he signed up as the U.S.'s first volunteer for Poverty Czar Sargent Shriver's brand-new Job Corps. Behind Hucklebuck, to the delight of Job Corps officials who had feared that the corps' first recruiting campaign would draw an embarrassingly puny turnout, came well over 400 more kids from Baltimore. Almost all were school dropouts, few had steady jobs, and about one-third had had trouble with the police.

**Idea & Idealism.** There was no guarantee that Hucklebuck or any of the other volunteers would actually be accepted; the Job Corps says it will not, for example, sign up serious criminal offenders or narcotics addicts. Endowed with \$150 million of the \$784,200,000 first-year appropriation for President Johnson's war on poverty, the corps is essentially geared for boys and girls aged 16 to 21 who have not finished high school, have no decent job, and whose academic skills are hopelessly stuck at fourth- to seventh-grade levels. Shriver hopes to get 40,000 such youngsters enlisted this year, another 100,000 next year.

The idea—and the idealism—behind the Job Corps stems from the old CCC camps of the '30s. The kids will sign on for one- or two-year stints, move into rural "camps" (to be built in U.S.-owned parks or forests) or urban "centers" (mostly abandoned military barracks near cities). Forty-one sites in 21 states have been picked, about 130 are projected for completion by next June. Governors can veto Job Corps installations in their states if they wish, but so far none have. Still, Shriver has had his problems with local folks. In Yorktown, Va., last September, residents set up a howl about plans for a

Aguirre was talking about constitutional amendments, even though there are only 24.

corps camp near by because they feared an influx of "Negro hoodlums from Harlem." Shriver postponed plans for the Yorktown camp.

**"No More Trouble."** Once enrolled, Job Corpsmen will be paid \$50 a month, to be banked until they leave the corps, plus \$30 a month pocket money, along with room, board, clothing and medical care. They will attend classes in subjects ranging from bulldozer driving to personal grooming—all aimed at making them potentially useful citizens. Says Shriver: "The head of one of the biggest oil companies in the U.S. told me that in the state of New Jersey alone they could employ 8,000 gasoline station attendants tomorrow morning if they could get them. And in Chicago, the Yellow Cab Co. had a 60% turnover per annum in cab drivers. Now there are thousands, literally thousands of those jobs now open if people would take them and keep them. Those are the kinds of jobs that we are going to begin to try to prepare these boys and girls for."

For people like Hucklebuck Logan, the Job Corps thus offers at least a hope for the future and an escape from the present. When he was asked why he wanted to join, Hucklebuck said: "I just don't want no more trouble."

## ELECTIONS

### What's in a Name?

Because the Illinois house of representatives failed to work out an acceptable reapportionment before the deadline set by the state constitution, all 177 house seats were up for grabs on an at-large basis in the Nov. 3 election. But in a peculiar arrangement, Illinois Democrats and Republicans agreed beforehand that neither party would field more than 118 candidates—a two-thirds majority—for the new house.

The huge paper ballot discouraged ticket splitting, and last week vote canvassers, finally finishing the count, announced that all 118 Democratic candidates had won in their party's landslide. Leading the Democratic ticket with 2,361,623 votes was Adlai Stevenson III, 34, Chicago lawyer and son of U.S. Ambassador Adlai Stevenson. Biggest vote getter, with 2,191,065, among the 59 elected Republicans: Earl Eisenhower, 66, one of Ike's brothers and a retired La Grange Park newspaper executive.

## ESPIONAGE

### "Include the Women"

Spies, like hats, come in different sizes and shapes. Two current cases concerning Soviet spies illustrate the two main models now in fashion: sneak-thief traitor and suave professional.

**Dispatch Case.** The traitor is John W. Butenko, 39, American-born son of Russian immigrants, honors graduate in engineering, trusted employee in New Jersey of the International Telephone



SPIES IVANOV & BUTENKO  
The sneak-thief amateur.

and Telegraph Corp., and holder of top security clearance as a key electronics technician dealing with counter-strike operations of the Strategic Air Command. Trained for six months by FBI agents, Butenko was picked up in his automobile at a deserted railroad station one night in October 1963. With him were two Soviet diplomats (since expelled from the U.S. after invoking diplomatic immunity), and Igor Ivanov, a "chauffeur" for Amtorg, the Soviet trade agency.

Butenko, a hypertensive bachelor, insisted that he was trying to get information about relatives behind the Iron Curtain. Witnesses testified that Butenko's dispatch case, containing two secret documents, was found in the Russians'

car near by, along with a copying machine, a radio and a cigarette case, each concealing a camera, and an electronic signaling device. In Newark last week a Federal Court jury found Butenko and Ivanov guilty of conspiracy to commit espionage, and Butenko alone of failing to register as an agent for a foreign government. Sentence has not yet been passed, but both men could get the death penalty.

**Piece of Cake.** The professional is Colonel Stig Erik Constans Wennerström, 58, tall, handsome, dashing Swedish diplomat, air attache for his embassy in Washington from 1952 to 1957. He was arrested by Swedish agents in Stockholm last year, and admitted that he had been a Soviet spy since 1948. In testimony provided by the Swedes to the U.S. Government and released last week, Wennerström casually disclosed that spying in the U.S. was a piece of cake. He perfected the art of name-dropping in the presence of impressionable people, and cultivated military and diplomatic officers and their wives at country clubs and cocktail parties.

"If it is desired to have closer contacts in the U.S.," he explained, "it is necessary, in most cases, to include the women." The wives, he said, "liked to speak to me and my wife. This, in turn, impressed their husbands' assistants whom I had not met yet. When I had made their acquaintance, I concentrated on those who had contact with their highest chiefs."

Wennerström's chief function was to supply Moscow with information on technological advances in a variety of fields. He traveled freely to industrial plants to inspect production and facilities and, because he represented a neutral nation and frequently had been introduced "from the top by the highest chief," was almost never asked for verification of his security clearance. He passed most of his information on to his contact by means of microfilm, which he transferred with a heavy handshake wherever the two had agreed to meet. He and his Soviet contact even practiced the handshake ("He had very large hands, which greatly facilitated the procedure"), often met at parties or at clandestine rendezvous. Once he delivered microfilm by handshake at the Pentagon itself.

**Out of Pocket.** Another method for transfer was used when Wennerström attended diplomatic receptions at the Soviet embassy. "One arrives wearing an overcoat. The coat is hung on a numbered hanger far in the rear. Remembering the number, you enter the reception room, acting normally. When you meet your contact, you must greet him as usual and occasion to tell him the number. You separate, and the contact goes to the coat hangers and gets the material in the pockets." Wennerström liked to use hangers No. 24 and 25.

He is now serving a life sentence in a Swedish prison.



SPY WENNERSTRÖM  
The suave professional.

## REPUBLICANS

### Toward a Broad View

"We are a defeated party with a defeated leadership," cried Idaho's Republican Governor Robert Smylie. "In that state of affairs no one should try to shackle the future with a harness that has already proved unworkable."

This was Smylie's way of demanding the ouster of Goldwater Aide Dean Burch as chairman of the Republican National Committee. In his sentiments, Smylie has plenty of Republican company. Thus Illinois' defeated gubernatorial candidate, Charles Percy, in a speech prepared for the National Association of Manufacturers' Public Relations Conference in Manhattan (Percy did not actually deliver it because N.A.M. officials protested that partisan political speeches were taboo at that session), said: "I think it is clear, first of all, that we must have a change in command at the national level." And Manhattan's Representative John Lindsay, one of the more impressive Republican winners this year, last week said seathingly: "The people who engineered the campaigns of Goldwater and Whatsisname still don't believe or understand they didn't do the best thing."

"Enough Negativism." Smylie's own statement came in a speech last week opening a Denver meeting of the Republican Governors' Association. Of the Governors and Governors-elect who attended, virtually all had opposed Goldwater's nomination, and virtually all would like to see Dean Burch resign. As the Governors convened, there were reports that they would adopt a formal out-Burch resolution.

Many Governors feared that such a resolution would only serve to dramatize the divisions within the G.O.P. "There's already enough negativism in the party," said Oregon's Mark Hatfield. "I don't think it's a problem of ours," said Massachusetts' Governor-elect John Volpe. Washington's promising young Governor-elect Daniel Evans warned against Republicans who "insist on tagging labels such as 'liberal,' 'moderate,' 'conservative,' and 'kook' on each party member," and who want to "purge those within the party who disagree."

Kentucky's Senator Thurston Morton, a former National Committee chairman and now Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee chairman, was on hand to give the Governors an analysis of the election. He came out flatly against any move to oust Burch. "In my opinion," said he, "this is no time for bloodletting. Our blood is too thin, and there is too little of it. I am not a member of the Republican National Committee, but many of my best friends are, and I will use what influence I have to keep Dean Burch in as national chairman."

**Missing Principles.** When they finally came to the point of drafting a statement, the Governors decided not to demand Burch's resignation outright.

Instead, they recommended that the G.O.P. "adopt leadership which clearly represents a broad view of Republicanism and practices a policy of inclusion rather than exclusion." They said the party should "vigorously oppose all forms of narrow political radicalism, whether right or left." Some Governors felt this skirted the dump-Burch issue, but three of the most influential men there—Pennsylvania's Scranton, New York's Rockefeller and Michigan's Romney—insisted that the resolution was really a clear-cut demand for Dean Burch's scalp, although nothing can be done officially until the National Committee meets on Jan. 2.

Beyond that, the Governors' final report produced a redefinition of some moderate G.O.P. principles that had been noticeably missing from Goldwater's convention platform. They heartily

programs that will "wipe out the value of all their savings, their life insurance policies, their bonds and mortgages, and will redistribute wealth from the industries and frugal into the hands of the shiftless," and for "more riots to be instigated by racial agitators, for more racial bitterness, and for greater use of all these tormented troubles to forward Communist purposes."

How could so many people possibly have been so deluded? "Nobody on the Republican side told them otherwise," said Welch. "There were very few campaigners, even among the Conservatives, who took the trouble and had the courage to tell the people even a fraction of the truth."

Welch was willing to credit Goldwater with "plenty of lion-like courage," and to observe that "much of the criticism of the Senator overlooks or the



G.O.P. LEADERS MEETING IN DENVER  
The division would be too dramatic.

endorsed the 1964 civil rights bill and said flatly that government must be "necessarily active in many areas of human need" such as "old-age security, hospital and medical care, decent living standards, public education, mental health and the needs of youth."

## OPINION

### The Real Poop

In a twelve-page editorial, titled "If You Want It Straight," in his own *American Opinion* magazine, the John Birch Society's founder and presiding genius, Robert Welch, last week managed to blame everyone but himself and his organization for Barry Goldwater's overwhelming electoral defeat.

In Welch's view, the 42-million-plus who cast ballots for Lyndon Johnson "actually voted, of course, for repeal of the Declaration of Independence," for "scrapping the U.S. Constitution entirely as an absurd and useless antique," for "completely disarming the U.S. for doing away with our Army, Navy and Air Force," for continuing

critics fail to understand, the incredible array of hidden forces that were organized against him." Goldwater's disaster came, in part, because of his "committee-like" campaign operation, "which may even have included some enemies posing as friends," said Welch, and because he ran "an old-fashioned political campaign which was as unrealistic in our present circumstances as using horse-drawn watercrafts to put out a forest fire." If Goldwater had campaigned along lines adhering more closely to the John Birch Society's tenets, said Welch, he might have lost anyhow, but at least he would have contributed a little something to the "continuous, massive educational program that simply has to be carried out as the only chance of saving our own country from the great danger of Communist enslavement."

From left foreground: Kentucky's Senator Morton, Idaho's Governor Robert Smylie, Colorado's Governor John Love, Governor-elect at right, from foreground: Pennsylvania's Scranton, Michigan's Romney, New York's Rockefeller.

# THE WORLD

## UNITED NATIONS

### In Limbo

For a while it had looked as if the 19th General Assembly might meet only to break up. When it finally got under way—two months late so as to dodge the U.S. elections and an additional 35 minutes late because a tortured truce was being patched together—it was at least functioning. But just barely.

Secretary-General U Thant announced the truce terms: "Issues other than those that can be disposed of without objection will not be raised." In short, the Assembly agreed for the present not to handle anything of im-

portance and to avoid taking any votes, while the U.S. postponed a formal demand to deprive Russia of its Assembly vote (under Article 19 of the Charter) for nonpayment of dues on the U.N. peacekeeping operations in the Congo and Suez. While the Assembly is in its limbo of talking without voting, the U.S. and Russia are having another go at working out a compromise.

**Rescue Fund.** Over lunch, Secretary of State Dean Rusk and Russian Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko agreed to let a U.N. committee suggest how future peacekeeping missions should be authorized and financed—presumably through the Security Council, where both nations have the veto. Although it was precisely to avoid the veto's paralysis that the West first moved some peacekeeping decisions to the Assembly, Western influence in the U.N. is gradually fading with the growth of the Afro-Asian bloc—which now comprises 60 of the organization's 115 member nations. Under the circumstances, some Washington officials are convinced that the day is not far off

when the U.S. might want to be in a position to use its Security Council veto.

Russia accepted, in principle, the proposed idea of a voluntary U.N. "rescue fund," to which it could contribute without directly supporting the operations it objects to. But the U.S. still insists that the Russians cannot have a voice in the Assembly before they make at least a token payment.

**Positive Neutrality.** Meanwhile, the Assembly conducted business by acclamation in order to avoid voting. It admitted three new nations—Malta, Malawi and Zambia—and elected its first black African president, Ghana's Ambassador Alex Quaison-Sackey, 40, festively garbed in orange and yellow

haunt me." He must have felt less haunted as he presided over the General Assembly, thanking his fellow delegates for his election as "an honor which goes far beyond my humble person, for this is a tribute to Africa."

While Alex Quaison-Sackey spoke, U Thant had his troubles. The major powers appointed him informal mediator, hoping that his patience could somehow resolve the payment issue. But at week's end, the mediator was taken to a New York hospital suffering from a suspected peptic ulcer.

## EUROPE

### The Razor's Edge

It is doubtful that Charles de Gaulle would cut off that magnificent nose just to spite his face, but last week the razor was stropped and poised. After two days of debate, the French National Assembly rubber-stamped its approval of De Gaulle's military program for the next six years, including the somewhat farcical *force de frappe*. By a vote of 278 to 178, the Assembly gave De Gaulle a green light to pursue his intransigent course. He will have an opportunity to try the razor's edge next week, when the NATO foreign ministers assemble in Paris to debate the future shape of the alliance.

"We cannot content ourselves with a role within the alliance of auxiliaries to a Roman legion," said one Gaullist Deputy, advancing the reasonable enough argument that a truly independent Europe cannot permanently depend on the U.S. nuclear deterrent for its defense. There are only two things wrong with this reasoning: 1) De Gaulle expects the rest of Europe, including Germany, to be dependent on France in precisely the way he refuses to be dependent on the U.S.; 2) the French deterrent as outlined last week is not worth much new and will not be for a long time.

**Fading Mirages.** For a price tag of \$30 billion, or roughly 5% of the French gross national product over the next six years, Frenchmen will be buying a beed-eyed conventional force and a total of 62 needle-nosed Mirage IV bombers to tote the Gaullist *bombette* at a relatively slow 1,200 m.p.h. over a range of 1,000 miles. When the Mirages fade into obsolescence around 1968-69, they will be supplanted by SSNs missiles (the sibilant stands for *sol-sol-balistique-strategique*, or ground-to-ground-ballistic-strategic), to be lodged in hard-base silos in France. With a range of 1,800 miles, the two-stage SSNs missile will pack a warhead in the megaton range, making it roughly the equivalent of the already operational Polaris missile, smallest of the U.S. strategic rockets.

As an alternative to all this, the U.S. continued its almost fanatical backing—with West Germany giving more re-



AFRO-ASIA'S U THANT, QAISON-SACKEY & NARASIMHAN AT GENERAL ASSEMBLY

The mediator took to bed.

tribal robes, took the chair alongside U Thant and Indian Under Secretary C. V. Narasimhan, symbolizing the U.N.'s ever-increasing Afro-Asian cast.

Like his boss, Kwame Nkrumah, the "Redeemer" of Ghana, Quaison-Sackey espouses "positive neutrality," but he has a far less abrasive personality, and has spoken out against "Communist colonialism" as well as the Western variety. He winces at the abusive anti-Western jargon tossed around by hardcore African leftists, is affable and accessible (he once served as chairman and honorary drummer of an international jazz festival in Central Park).

Quaison-Sackey went through Ghana's Achimota College, then was sent on to study political science and economics at Oxford. There, he recalls, he learned what it was to be an African:

"Imagine yourself, if you please, walking in the streets of Oxford after an absorbing tutorial and being confronted by an English lady who asks you, 'Which of our possessions do you come from?' I clearly remember that I did not answer that question, but it continued to



strained support—of the proposed multilateral force of 25 surface ships armed with Polaris missiles and manned by mixed crews from NATO nations. Where the French nuclear force currently swings a total punch of three megatons, the MLE would carry 200. Though the U.S. would retain ultimate control of the MLE's nuclear trigger, participating nations would have more pull on it than under the French scheme. The French last week reiterated one of their many objections to MLE: it would start the Germans toward being a nuclear power. But how in the long run can Germany be kept from wanting the same nuclear status De Gaulle wants for France? The French have no answer.

**Qualified Endorsement.** The British think they have a partial answer. Prime Minister Harold Wilson proposes to broaden the scope of MLE to include land-based missiles, three of five British Polaris subs, and various aircraft. This sprawling scheme would greatly dilute the German contribution.

Meeting in Paris, the Western European Union (composed of legislators from the six Common Market nations plus Britain) approved the Wilson plan by a vote of 37 to 9, with 15 abstentions. This qualified endorsement will give Wilson a somewhat stronger hand to play in his talks this week with President Johnson. But having just helped bail the British out of their financial crisis, Washington is not rushing to buy the Wilson plan—or to force the Germans to buy it. Speaking at Georgetown University last week, Johnson allowed as how "we shall never insist on unanimity" within the alliance, meaning that the U.S. and West Germany would very probably go ahead with MLE even if Britain and France stay out.

## GREAT BRITAIN

### The Crisis Continues

Having barely survived a massive hemorrhage, the patient was still dangerously ill. But Prime Minister Harold Wilson left the bedside of the British economy to fly to Washington for his meeting with President Johnson. In the first week after emergency treatment was applied, through \$3 billion in standby financing from eleven nations to halt a panic run on the pound, Britain's currency rallied on New York exchanges to a high of \$2.7929. But that was still below its par strength of \$2.80, and for the basic cause of the sickness—Britain's longtime negative trade balance—no cure was in sight.

In London, the Treasury announced that during November reserves dropped another \$109.2 million, shrinking Britain's international bank balance to \$2,343,600,000, lowest in seven years. There were whispers that even these figures hid the true dimensions of the drain. Last week Britain drew another \$1 billion in financing, this time from the International Monetary Fund, to pay off short-term loans that had been contracted earlier to support the pound.

London's financial community (see World Business) was willing to concede that Wilson had inherited many of his troubles from the Tories. But there was also near-unanimous agreement that he had disastrously mishandled the situation.

**Shared Skepticism.** From its closest neighbors, the patient continued to get little sympathy. At its annual meeting the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development, a club of 20 Western industrial nations and Japan, listened to Labor's Chancellor of the Exchequer James Callaghan defend Britain's recovery measures as "adequate for the time being." Callaghan was loyally supported by U.S. Under Secretary of State George Ball, but most European countries bitterly attacked Britain's 15% surcharge on most imports.

Strongest blast came from Belgian

worth millions in hard cash, to protest against *apartheid*—a policy also invoked by the U.S., which perhaps can better afford it. But Labor has not curbed exports to Australia, whose restrictive immigration laws are based on color, to say nothing of trade with the inhuman rulers of Communist China.

Oddly enough, though Wilson had just nearly wrecked the British economy, in the eyes of many Britons he emerged as something of a hero. Few realized that it was not Wilson but Lord Cromer, Governor of the Bank of England, who had really saved the situation by speedily arranging for the standby funds. A Daily Mirror cartoon depicted one widespread, nonsensical view of the matter: it showed Wilson having bravely knocked out international "speculators." As for his insistence on social welfare programs de-



PRIME MINISTER WILSON SHAVING WHILE READING  
The physician left the bedside.

Minister for External Trade Maurice Brasseur, who declared: "We are not convinced that the British have attacked the real problem, which is the imbalance of their foreign trade. Others share our skepticism." What Britain's trading partners want, among other things, is more deflation to curb domestic spending. They feel that, in effect, the British have been living high on other people's money—the world's sterling deposits with Britain. As one economist put it, the British must "tighten their own belts instead of somebody else's"—even if it means "a little unemployment."

**Question of Confidence.** International confidence is not helped by some of the figures around Wilson, notably "The Three Cs"—Minister of Technology Frank Cousins, Minister of Housing Richard Crossman and Minister of Overseas Development Barbara Castle—all far left-wingers. Nor is confidence helped by Labor's disturbing tendency to mix its uncertain economic measures and its contradictory morals. Wilson's government, for example, halted sales of arms and aircraft to South Africa,

spite international economic opinion that Britain cannot afford them—a lot of Britons were telling themselves smugly that Harold was just ruffling the feathers of a bunch of foreigners.

**Stiffer Measures.** Wilson did persuade his party to accept a six-month postponement of Labor's promised hike of old-age pensions. But if Labor fails to achieve increased productivity and more-competitive exports soon, he will probably have to decree stiffer measures, such as higher sales taxes. Already, consumers were beginning to feel the effects of the government's hike in Britain's basic interest rate. Announced last week was a 1% increase in interest on new-car loans.

The ultimate disaster would be devaluation of the pound, which might mean the end of the pound as the world's second reserve currency—not to mention the end of the Labor government—and would produce international monetary chaos including grave damage to the dollar. Economists at present don't think it will happen—but it may, unless Britain takes reality,

## ASIA

### Buddha on the Barricades

*(See Cover)*

*As in the ocean's midmost depth no wave is born*

*But all is still, so let the monk be still, he*

*Motionless and nowhere should he swell.*

#### The Sayings of Buddha

At an hour when a man can first discern the shadows of the veins on the back of his hand, the monks arise. The great temple drum, hanging from its roughhewn log rack, summons the faithful to alms. Twisting a single saffron shift round their bodies, the monks move out into the quiet streets in single file, eyes to the ground, fingers clasped beneath their silver begging bowls. In Laos, the bonzes form a silent silhouette against the ornate temple roofs of the royal capital of Luangprabang. In Burma, they enter Rangoon framed against the great Shwe Dagon pagoda, its massive gilded spire shimmering in the early dawn. Though the robes may be grey in Formosa or black in Japan, in much of Asia the day begins with this same silent march of the mendicants. Passing laymen place gifts of food in the bowls, humbly thanking the monks for thus permitting the givers to acquire merit.

So has it been for most of the 2,500 years since Buddha, the Enlightened, took leave of his disciples. Yet throughout Asia today, in one of the little-remarked but momentous sea changes of modern times, the sandaled monks with shaved heads have abandoned Buddha's command to be still and motionless and have plunged deep into politics. While most continue their usual duties of meditating, reading the scriptures, teaching and begging, more and



VIET NAM'S THICH TRI QUANG  
Instead of peace, power.

more of them are busy issuing political manifestoes, organizing riots, and working for the downfall of governments. From the Indian Ocean to the Sea of Japan, from the Irrawaddy to Tonkin Bay, bonzes are causing political waves whose final effect even they themselves cannot foresee but which are vitally affecting the Western—and the Communist—role in the fate of Asia.

**New Threat.** In Ceylon, the tenuous, left-wing coalition government has for weeks been at the capricious mercy of the Buddhist clergy: last week the Prime Minister, Mrs. Sirimavo Bandaranaike, lost a vote of confidence and dissolved Parliament, requiring new elections that are sure to be tumultuous. In Japan, Soka Gakkai, a new Buddhist sect claim-

ing converts at the rate of 100,000 families a month, has launched its own political party, which, says its chairman, "naturally aims at ruling the nation." In Burma, an attempt to set up a Buddhist thearchy has led to chaos and left-wing military dictatorship.

Above all, it is in South Viet Nam that political Buddhism is making its most vigorous, most open attempt to seize temporal power. Buddhism now may be as great a threat to the embattled country as the Viet Cong—it not greater. Saigon has just passed through a week of riots in which the believers in the reverence for life tossed hand grenades from the sanctuary of Buddhist headquarters, teen-agers supposedly raised in "the Middle Way" ganged up on policemen, and disciples of the gentle Buddha pushed old people and children as human shields ahead of demonstrators.

Though it asserts the insignificance and futility of the world, Buddhism has been powerfully active in the world before. It has known warriors and politicians, god-kings and bonzes who whispered the advice of the pagoda into the obedient ears of the palace. Its variety is attested by the countless images of Buddha—smiling or somber, frail or vigorous, regally enthroned or careful's reclining. Yet nowhere, so far, has there been enshrined an image of Buddha on the barricades, of the Enlightened One with a hand grenade.

**Visual Aids.** Buddhism's strident inner contradictions were on display last week in a great red, orange and blue tent pitched in the Deer Park of Saranath, India, where Buddha preached his first sermon 500 years before Christ. There some 150 Buddhist leaders from 25 nations gathered for the Seventh World Fellowship of Buddhists. Begun in 1950 as a kind of informal, monk-



CHINESE MONKS AT CEREMONY IN PEKING  
Instead of enlightenment, illusions.

to-monk faith forum, this year's meeting often sounded more like a U.N. debate. Russia's Venerable Lama Jamhal Dirji Gomboe—representing 500,000 Soviet Buddhists living mostly in Asiatic Russia—urged the conference to “condemn provocations against the borders of Viet Nam, Cambodia and Laos.” Red China and its satellites, which brutally suppressed Buddhism but found plenty of tame monks to collaborate with the regimes, decided to boycott the meeting, charging that it was dominated by the West. Living evidence of Red suppression was the conference's guest of honor, the Dalai Lama, who has been in exile in India since Peking drove him from his Tibetan throne in 1959. With pointed indirection he only noted that, “although material progress is better than a thousand years ago, mental suffering still exists or has gotten worse.” Indonesian Delegate Willye Prachina Suriya was on hand to censure Sukarno's socialism with the teachings of Buddha and to denounce the Malaysians as imperialist stooges. The Malaysian delegates listened with admirable dhyanic self-restraint.

As for the South Vietnamese delegation, it came armed with a statement describing the three years since the last fellowship meeting as “a terrible ordeal unprecedented in the annals of our history.” It supported this with a barrage of oil paintings and photographs, plus a movie, *A Message from Viet Nam*, which was shown after a Sarnath Rotary Club tea. The visual aids all documented outrages suffered by the Buddhists in South Viet Nam, but somehow managed to avoid mentioning Communism, the Viet Cong, the U.S. or the war. Said the delegation: “The Unified Vietnamese Buddhist Congregation solemnly declares before the world that it avoids all activities which are opportunistic, discriminating and political.”

Less than a week before that statement, Buddhist Spokesman Thich Tam Chan had flatly announced that the South Vietnamese government of Premier Tran Van Huong “will have to go.” Three days after the statement, a Buddhist communiqué called the Premier “stupid, a traitor, a fat, stubborn man without any policy.” In Saigon, Huong replied pluckily: “If the situation gets out of hand, we must again use force. They simply want to control the government. The Viet Cong are also trying to overthrow this government. We can't allow the Buddhist leaders to do this for them.”

If the Buddhists succeed, it will be the third South Viet Nam regime the Buddhists have been instrumental in ousting in just over a year with their peculiar “avoidance” of politics.

**Off to Bed.** It was only 18 months ago that a 73-year-old Buddhist monk named Thich Quang Duc sat down in the middle of a Saigon street and, drenched in five gallons of gasoline, calmly set himself afire with a cigarette lighter to dramatize Buddhist opposition to the regime of President Ngo Dinh

Diem. It was this calculated grisly act of propaganda—and Diem's harsh countermeasures—that eventually led the U.S. to withdraw support from Diem, permitting his overthrow and murder. At the time, the West had great sympathy for South Viet Nam's Buddhists. Now the atmosphere is different. There is no longer even the shadow of a religious issue. Around the charred object that is still exhibited and venerated as Quang Duc's heart has grown up a militant, devious, determined movement whose aim is power.

Any suggestions that they are trying to help the Communists are indignantly rejected by the Buddhist leaders. On the contrary, they insist that they represent “the people,” while the government does not, hence that they are the only power

And with that, he goes off to bed till midnight, when he rises again for meditations on his mistakes of the day. Some exasperated Americans refer to Tri Quang as “the Makarios of Viet Nam.”

**Princely Ascetic.** Are Tri Quang and the other Buddhist leaders naive or villainous, or both? Are they merely inconsistent in the grand Vietnamese fashion? Are they nationalists or Communist dupes? Whatever the answer, much of it lies embedded in the myriad traditions of a great faith—noble, puzzling to the West, durable yet widely decayed, and sharply challenged by the modern world.

The diffuse spiritual legacy of Buddha, having survived the march and countermarch of conquerors in Asia, today commands perhaps 300 million



DALAI LAMA ADDRESSING BUDDHIST CONFERENCE AT SARNATH  
Along the Eightfold Path, contradictions.

in South Viet Nam that can truly oppose the Communists. Thich Tri Quang, who is emerging as South Viet Nam's top Buddhist leader—Americans remember him as the monk who took refuge in the U.S. embassy during the weeks preceding Diem's overthrow—sounds as anti-Communist as any American could wish. Says he: “Like all educated Buddhists, I don't like Communism because it is atheistic. I strongly believe that Communism can never win.” In the next breath he adds: “But I fear it is coming to South Viet Nam because this government is unpopular and always seems to do the wrong thing.” He even asserts that the government and the U.S. are favoring negotiations with the Communists—the very thing he himself has been accused of.

What Tri Quang wants, he says frankly, is any “government that agrees with our policy.” But he offers no specifics. Spreading his thin fingers, he blandly asserts that “we never want anything, and to say that Buddhism wants this or that is wrong. We never sponsor anybody.”

faithful—it is typically Buddhist that estimates range from 100 million to 500 million. Precisely what they are faithful to is as diverse as the cultures of Asia, for everywhere Buddhism has benignly bent and become a part of all that it has met. The ties that bind Buddhist monks and laymen are vague, for Buddhism has neither dogma nor pope, offers no hope of individual immortality, neither promises divine authority nor promises forgiveness of sin. Its diversity of practice embraces everything from the cool conundrums of Zen in Japan to Cambodian water rites and the exorcism of devils in Ceylon through a dance-to-exhaustion. Yet at the heart of it all is the escape from the burdens of existence as exemplified in the life of that princely ascetic and saintly agnostic Siddhartha Gautama.

**The Heaven of Delight.** The son of a Himalayan chieftain, the future Buddha, “The Enlightened,” was raised as a Hindu and enjoyed such palace amusements, so legend has it, as the performance of 40,000 dancing girls. When Gautama came of age, 500 virgins were



VISION OF THE BURNING BUDDHA  
Freudianism in reverse.

presented to him: he chose the most beautiful as his bride, and soon she presented him with a son. With every luxury and favor, the young Crown Prince Gautama had only to inherit his kingdom to live happily ever after. But Gautama, like the carpenter of Nazareth who was to appear 500 years later and whose life offers many parallels to the Buddha legend, was not what he seemed.

According to the rich Buddhist mythology, Buddha rested in the Heaven of Delight from his innumerable previous reincarnations, both as men and as animals such as rabbits and pigeons, in which he had perfected his character; presently he was approached by the deities of the 10,000 world-systems of the universe. "Now has the moment come, O Blessed One, for Thy Buddhahood," they advised him. Buddha assented, picked out his mother, and approaching her bed in the guise of a white elephant, smote her with his trunk and entered her womb.

She carried the fetus clearly outlined in her womb "like oil in a bowl." The infant emerged into life from her side as Queen Maya stood holding to a sala tree, and at his birth a great light appeared in the sky, the deaf heard and the dumb spoke, and kings came from afar to welcome him. At the age of 29, "having seen the wretchedness" of the human condition, Gautama cut his ties and set out to seek "the unborn and supreme peace of nirvana."

**The Tempter.** For six years of severe asceticism, Gautama fed on seeds, grass, even dung. He wore a hair shirt, lay on thorns, slept among rotting corpses. Finally it dawned on him that, far from escaping from his body by torturing it in yogi fashion, he was in fact giving it more than its due. Taking a seat beneath the Bodhi Tree (which still grows, protected as a shrine, in Budd Gayal), he resolved not to move until he had attained Supreme Enlightenment and had found the key to liberate man from himself.

The demon of evil, Mara, came to tempt him with visions of all the riches and prestige of the world. But Gautama only sank deeper and deeper into meditation. Finally, in a great mystic rap-

ture that lasted 49 days, Enlightenment was captured, Gautama became the Buddha, and Buddhism was born.

He spent the rest of his life, some 45 years, walking from town to town in India imparting his vision. One of Buddha's sermons dealt with a starving man who had long had a pet rabbit. The rabbit jumped into a fire in order to provide food for his master, and, as the flames flared up, was transformed into a vision of the Buddha—a vision the Vietnamese monks were to borrow for their own purposes. Accompanied by his favorite monks and nuns, Buddha was content to be fed by local admirers and once scandalized his band by eating in the home of a courtesan. His last incarnation completed, at 80 Buddha lay down in a sala grove to die, passing out of the endless cycle of life into the great nirvana.

**The Five Rules.** Buddha was the rare mystic able to chalk out clearly to others the signposts leading out of reality, in the form of easily remembered short-hand formulas. The essence of his ethic came down in "Four Noble Truths": 1) Existence is suffering; 2) suffering springs from desire or craving; 3) the cure for suffering is extinction of desire; 4) to achieve the desired absence of desire there is an Eightfold Path of conduct to follow: right views, right effort, right mindfulness, right intentions, right speech, right conduct, right livelihood and right concentration. As a definition of rightness, Buddha merely offered "Five Moral Rules" of conduct: 1) Let not one kill any living being; 2) let not one take what is not given to him; 3) let not one speak falsely; 4) let not one drink intoxicating drinks; 5) let not one be unchaste.

Basic Buddhism is thus less a religion than a body of ethics. Buddhism recognizes nothing even remotely resembling a personal god or even a supreme being; there are no supernatural powers that concern themselves with the individual, and in strict Buddhism one prays not to anyone in particular but merely as an exercise to purify the mind. In this sense, Buddhism is atheistic.

Buddha dismissed the ultimate philosophical questions, such as the finiteness

or infinity of the world, as profitless speculation. But he took over from Hinduism the concept of the endless cycle of life, in which a man might be reincarnated as anything from a noble elephant to a lowly spider—depending upon the merit of his previous life's deeds. As a kind of cultivated escapism for the individual who masters the drill, Buddhism has been dismissed by some Westerners as Freudianism in reverse: a systematic elimination of the ego so that anxiety has no place to roost. Originally, Buddhism was an otherworldly path leading each man deeper into himself—and certainly not into the political arena.

But in the intellectually promiscuous Asian world, the crystalline unity of Buddha's thought had scant chance of escaping the taint of temporal power.

**Buddhist Constantine.** Within 200 years after Buddha's death, historians noted 18 different varieties of Buddhism. When the Emperor Asoka, who about 250 B.C. created an Indian Empire not surpassed in extent until the British conquests, felt a surfeit of slaughter after killing 100,000 people, he turned to the new religion and became Buddhism's Constantine. He not only made Buddhism India's state religion, but his missionaries implanted the faith in Ceylon, fanned out through the rest of Asia, even Africa and Europe.

By the time it reached Confucian and Taoist China in the 1st century A.D., Buddhism had lost its austerity, and danced happily into the already crowded Chinese religious pantheon as a cheerful faith promising a flowering hereafter. The Chinese took it to Korea, and in the 6th century the Koreans took it to Japan, where in less than 50 years it became the state religion.

Flourishing abroad, Buddhism languished in its birthplace as the Indian monks grew rich and corrupt under state patronage. Today, Buddhists constitute less than 1% of India's population, and the faith is kept alive largely by untouchable converts fleeing the caste system. But in Tibet, Buddhism evolved into a theocracy which lasted 400 years, until the Chinese drove the current Dalai Lama into exile in 1959.

**Two Chariots.** For all the local varieties of the Buddhist lotus, two divergent traditions are responsible for the stance of Buddhism in Asia today. The split goes back 2,000 years, and much of the original quarrel is lost in the misty past, though apparently it included some indelicate polemics over whether a monk's nocturnal emission constituted proof of an unredeemed lust. The main argument was really a conflict that sooner or later afflicts most religions: between the fundamentalists and the liberals.

The fundamentalist Buddhists stuck to Buddha's narrow, escapist but arduous path and came to be known, to their distaste, as the Hinayana, or "lesser chariot." They prefer the name Theravada, or "doctrine of the elders." The "greater chariot," or Mahayana, branch attempted to enlarge and so-

cialize the Middle Way. Their Buddha became less the example who must be emulated, more the savior who had mystically improved the lot of all mankind. By giving nearly equal weight to concern for others and to withdrawal for the self, Mahayana provided a platform for political engagement as Theravada could not.

**The Twofold Path.** When the modern world broke into Asia during the 19th century, Buddhism resisted. In the Boxer Rebellion, Buddhist deities were relied on for help against the Christian bullets. In Indo-China, Burma and elsewhere, Buddhism became identified with the nationalist struggle against colonial rule.

When the great recession of the Western colonial powers finally began, the Buddhists awoke to find themselves in new positions of leverage. Their power stemmed from one source more than any other: the village pagoda, which today remains what it has been for centuries—the center of rural life, a place where laymen can go to sleep off a hangover, hide out from the police, or spend an undisturbed hour with their girl friends. The bonzes are schoolmasters and doctors, as well as priests.

This grass-roots power has taken a twofold—if not an eightfold—path. In the more agitated countries, the monks have used it as a way into politics; in the quieter lands, all of the lesser-chariot persuasion, they have used it to stay out of politics, merely adding a conservative prop to support existing institutions.

• **LAOS:** A Laotian bonze is likely to remind questioners that for a priest to talk politics violates one of the 227 Theravadin rules of conduct. The constitution stipulates that the King must be a "fervent Buddhist," but fervor in happy-go-lucky Laos covers a multitude of careless religious enthusiasms. Perennial civil war has left Buddhist practice virtually uninvolved, though near the Luang temple, skilled, cigarette-puffing monks cheerfully cast their Buddhas in brass melted down from 37-mm. and 105-mm. artillery cartridges.

Laotian soldiers wear Buddhist necklaces into battle and often piously shoot to miss, but it is considered highly bad form to wear the amulet into a herdello. And though Vientiane's whisky-tipping set often honors Buddha's fourth rule more in spirit than in spirit, at least their chauffeurs use only the softest tail feathers of a rooster to dust the Mercedes—so as to avoid crushing the least ant, who could well be somebody's mother.

• **CAMBODIA:** One of the greatest kings of early Buddhism was Cambodia's Jayavarman VII, the builder of Angkor Wat. Today leftist Prince Sihanouk, as Cambodia's Chief of State and High Protector of the Buddhist religion, assiduously cultivates the god-king role. Following the Buddhist road of the middle, intones Sihanouk, he means to be halfway between capitalism and

Marxism at home and neutralist abroad.

"Our equality principle isn't from the French Revolution or Karl Marx," he says, "but from the Buddha." Though this is largely rhetoric, Sihanouk has so cultivated his clergy that Cambodian monks have voluntarily pitched into his public-works projects, and help build country roads, bridges, dig wells.

• **THAILAND:** Probably nowhere in Asia is Buddhism a gentler, more pervasive force than in pro-Western Thailand. Though now a constitutional monarch, King Bhumibol is still widely revered as a Buddhist god-king. Everywhere monks are valued not only as spiritual leaders but as astrologers and diviners. Some have even become management consultants, called on by businessmen before major investment decisions.

The Thai title their annual income in contributions to temple building and Buddhist ceremonies—good Buddhism but a serious drawback to the government's efforts at capital formation. Not long ago, Bangkok carried out a little-publicized roundup of leftist-oriented monks to prevent any Communist infiltration of the clergy. But by and large, in peaceful, prosperous Thailand, the golden mean rules. Bangkok is still rocking from the Sarit scandal—the tough, able late Prime Minister is charged with misappropriating vast government funds—and King Bhumibol has been urged to strip Sarit posthumously of his title of field marshal.

Replies the King: "We are all Buddhist, and it is un-Buddhist to be vengeful because of a personal grudge."

• **JAPAN:** Amid the dizzying changes of industrialization, Buddhist laymen have seized on the widespread yearning for new values to form Soka Gakkai (Value-Creation Society). Staging great circuses with acrobats, brass bands and dancing girls, Soka Gakkai has recruited over 13 million adherents, largely from Japan's lower middle class and urban-poor discontents. Tightly regimented, from family squads on up, they must vote for the sect's political candidate as a religious duty.

Leftist and reforming in political attitudes, intolerant in its religious fanaticism (it considers itself "True Buddhism" and everything else heresy), Soka Gakkai envisions first turning Japan into a welfare state, then achieving eternal peace through spreading its gospel of *chikyu minzoku shugi*, or one-nation-on-earth. Since the Japanese constitution prohibits the exercise of political authority by any religion, Soka Gakkai insists—unconvincingly—that the Clean Government Party started last month under the chairmanship of Soka Gakkai's Koji Harashima is a completely independent entity. C.G.P. is putting up 32 candidates for the 467-seat lower house and ten in the upper house next spring—all likely to be elected.

• **CEYLON:** As an exception to the less political little-chariot tradition, Cey-







SOKA GAKKAI'S HARASHIMA LEADING SONGFEST  
Through circuses and dancing girls, the only truth.

lon's clergy are hip-deep in politicking; in the unstable tight little island, the Buddhists are the only steady, if not steadying, power. What began as a long Buddhist temperance campaign in the 1940s turned into a drive to oust the British. In 1956 the monks formed a political organization, helped sweep Solomon Bandaranaike, a devout Buddhist and political middle-roader, into power as Prime Minister. Ironically, three years later he was assassinated by an extremist Buddhist monk, and his plump, maternally widow replaced him.

Mrs. Bandaranaike created a shaky, far-left coalition government whose every step had to have the approval of the Buddhists to survive. When the lady Prime Minister tried to balance the budget by a "tree tax" on the tapping of coconut trees for toddy, the potent and popular liquor of the masses, the temperance-minded Buddhists took this as a legalization of the drink and organized protest demonstrations and prayer meetings. Hundreds of saffron-robed *bhikkus* (monks) marched through Colombo, threatened to bar Mrs. Bandaranaike and her ministers from Ceylon's temples unless they resigned. Mrs. Bandaranaike backed down, withdrew the toddy-tapping plan, even though it had already been approved by both houses of Parliament.

The next clash came over the Prime Minister's scheme to nationalize the country's largest newspaper group. Oddly enough, the Buddhists gave her the idea in their complaints that the papers gave favored treatment to Catholic news and neglected Buddhist news. But when she tried to follow through, the Buddhists, fearing control of the press would work to the advantage of the nation's leftists rather than their own, dug in their sandaled heels, finally forced a no-confidence vote in Parliament, which the Prime Minister lost.

• **BURMA.** The most glaring failure of Buddhism in Asian politics began when, as in Ceylon, the Buddhist clergy sparked resistance to British rule. With independence won, Premier U Nu at-

tempted a socialist forced-march into the modern world. Instead he ended up at the brink of national chaos, and General Ne Win and the army took over. The army restored order but wore the carefree Burmese raw with its zeal, and in the 1960 elections, U Nu hit the comeback trail. He promised to make Buddhism the state religion, used saffron color for his party's ballots. He won easily and plunged Burma into a great Buddhist revival, but neglected the nation's affairs.

In 1962 General Ne Win and the army took over for the second time, and U Nu remains under house arrest. The wildly socialist military regime has been running the country into the ground, but there is no evidence that Buddhists could do better. Still, the Buddhists remain the government's only effective opposition. Recently, orange- and yellow-robed monks stormed and wrecked the printing plant of a pro-government newspaper. Ne Win and the Buddhist leaders have set a Dec. 15 meeting to air their differences.

**The Provincials.** Who are the faceless but no longer self-effacing monks behind Buddhism's political offensive?

In many ways South Viet Nam's Thich Tri Quang personifies the saffron politicians. He entered the Buddhist Institute in Hue when he was 13, has traveled little, speaks neither French nor English. Though not without personal charm and even a certain detached charisma, he has the provincial's distrust of all things Western, refuses to meet with U.S. Ambassador Maxwell Taylor on the ground that he is more comfortable dealing with lesser officials. The son of a farmer in what is now North Viet Nam, he went to Hanoi in his 20s, taught and edited a Buddhist magazine, helped found the Vietnamese Boy Scouts. In 1948, the French arrested Tri on charges of being a Communist, but released him within ten days. The Diem government also suspected him of working for the Viet Cong, but could never prove it.

During the Khanh regime, Tri Quang

tried to set up a grass-roots Buddhist political party, but the Viet Cong got control of it and used it to provoke riots. Apparently frightened, Tri Quang dissolved his local councils, withdrew from Saigon to Hue, the true spiritual center of Vietnamese Buddhism, where a thousand ceremonies go on in a hundred temples and the sun is obscured by the smoke of millions of burning joss sticks. Here Tri lives in a spare cell in the Tu Dam pagoda, receives crowds of awed visitors, plays chess, and plots his moves against the government.

**The Organizers.** Tri Quang and the other political monks certainly do not speak for all of South Vietnamese Buddhism. Besides, though the monks claim that 85% of the Vietnamese are Buddhists, in fact the Vietnamese religion is an indiscriminate mixture of Buddhism, Taoism, Confucianism and animism. Nevertheless, last January all 14 Buddhist sects in Viet Nam joined together in the Unified Vietnamese Buddhist Church, under the leadership of Tri and Thich Tam Chau, a tiny, affable monk who is currently leading the Buddhist activists in Saigon and is clearly emerging as Tri's rival. The two leaders moved 50 chaplains into the South Vietnamese army and set up two ambitious institutes, one for religious and the other for secular affairs, with plans to organize families in rural areas into Communist-like cells.

South Viet Nam's military, including General Khanh, last week announced their backing of the Huong government—a setback for the Buddhists. But at Tam Chau's Buddhist secular institute—a ramshackle compound that has been the Buddhist base ever since laymen, fed up with politicking, chased the political monks out of Saigon's modern Xa Loi pagoda—the mimeograph machines and rumor mills were still grinding away against Huong.

There is no evidence that a Buddhist-



EXORCISM IN CEYLON  
Beneath the Bodhi Tree, room for all truths.

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controlled government would press the war against the Viet Cong. There is a great deal of evidence that instead it would try to negotiate with the Reds to bring about the "neutralization" of South Viet Nam. U.S. officials tend to accept Tri Quang's assertions that he is not a Communist or working with them. Still, there can be little doubt that the Communists have infiltrated the Buddhists to some extent. Besides, illusions may well be more dangerous than infiltration. Tri Quang is guilty of the classic, fatal error: he seems to believe that he and his fellow Buddhists could "handle" the Communists.

**In the Heartland.** Yet the lesson of Buddhism's fate under Communism is plain to see. In North Korea, the monks were simply put to work in factories or on farms. In North Viet Nam, where, oddly enough, Buddhism officially remains the state religion, the Communists have killed Buddhism with "kindness" by installing puppet monks to back the government. But with 6,000 pagodas, North Viet Nam now has only 4,000 monks. Says one recent resident: "They don't even bother to light incense in the temples any more."

Peking's brutality in suppressing the Buddhist revolt in Tibet in 1959 outraged the world. Monks were shot, forced to sell their worn boots with sacred Buddhist texts, induced to take opiates. Members of a strict male celibate order were locked up with prostitutes imported for the occasion. Some of the younger monks gave way and then committed suicide in shame.

In the heartland of China itself, Buddhism fares not too badly—on the surface. Ancient shrines have been refurbished. A few sample monasteries and nunneries, while shorn of their lands, are meticulously maintained to impress and soothe foreign Buddhists. But Peking has killed the living faith: of half a million monks in China in 1949, it is estimated that barely a few thousand survive.

**Put Out More Flags.** Despite the antics of the Buddhists in South Viet Nam and elsewhere, it would be a grave error for the U.S. and the West to conclude that a great and ancient faith is necessarily prey to Communism. When it comes to an ultimate choice, the majority of Buddhist leaders still know that Marxism is incompatible with the Marxist gospel.

Thailand's pro-Western, devoutly Buddhist Foreign Minister Thanat Khoman says: "Buddhism offers man the opportunity to think beyond materialism—beyond fish and rice—and Communism does not." Even at the pink end of the spectrum, Cambodia's Prince Sihanouk, drifting ever closer toward Red China, has admitted that Communism would be the end of Buddhism in his nation.

The U.S. would like nothing better than to back a strong and independent Buddhist movement. But helping the Buddhists overthrow Diem certainly has

not earned Washington any gratitude from the pagodas. Elsewhere, the U.S. has made modest, tentative attempts to stiffen Asia's weak national identities by backing Buddhism. In Laos, for example, USIS has distributed Buddhist flags.

It will take more than flags to make the Buddhists a force for stability in Asia. Their faith, their training, their sense that history is irrelevant offer little guidance for them in the world into which the monks have blinkingly emerged. They find themselves in battles for which they would never have volunteered, which in many cases they have little interest in resolving.

Modern industrial society is based not only on materialism but, more important, on individualism: both concepts cut against the very grain of Buddhist philosophy. Modern Buddhist thinkers

## THE CONGO

### La Nuit Infernale

The Belgian paratroopers had gone back home to a triumphant welcome, but they had probably left too soon. Behind them, the Congo kept sliding back into Stone Age savagery.

A pair of rescue columns of the Congolese government army led by white officers pushed deep into rebel territory. Their aim: to save as many as possible of the 1,100 white hostages still held by the savage rebel fighters known as Simbas (lions). By week's end they had rescued 600 whites—Belgian nuns and priests, Greek shopkeepers and restaurateurs, British and American missionaries. From nearly every man, woman and child saved came another numbing tale of terror, torture or death. Each

REUTERS—GOREL



REBEL SIMBAS ON SPREE

The dogs began feeding on corpses.

have tried to show that Buddhism is like science in its objective detachment: but it lacks the empirical spirit. To most Buddhists, Communism and capitalism alike seem peculiarly Western fixations on accumulating things. The best of the monks realize there is a more important distinction to be made: between freedom and its absence. But preoccupied with defending their own little sectarian and provincial barricades, it is a choice that they have tended to evade. Though few of the monks will admit it, there is no doubt that many of them secretly believe it is an unnecessary choice, that the Buddhists can tame Communism, can provide the spiritual complement for Marxist materialism. The view shows, as nothing else, that the monks in many ways are still living dangerously in the cloister. And as an ancient Mahayana text puts it:

*When you are inside your room, enclosed by walls.*

*You do not know what takes place outside.*

could recall his own particular *nuit infernale*, but the most hellish of nights was that recounted by the 76 whites held captive by the rebels in the eastern Congo tin-mining town of Bunia.

**Furious on Hemp.** Imprisoned for five weeks in the local hotel, the hostages included 21 Catholic priests and brothers, 17 nuns, and a British accountant who was considered an American spy because he owned a pair of binoculars. On the night of Nov. 16, more than a week before the joint U.S.-Belgian rescue mission began, the Simbas pulled themselves into a tury on bamboo pilepods of Indian hemp. Then they dragged the nuns out of the hotel, forced them to strip, and made them "dance" by shooting at their feet. Then the Simbas took their pleasure.

Some nuns were merely beaten up with bottles or gun butts, and one was slugged with a telephone, which the Simbas apparently considered had *dawa* (magic). Three were raped. One nun, Sister Maria Therese, 36, resisted, and a

Simba shattered both her kneecaps with a precisely aimed rifle shot. "It was night," recalled a surviving nun. "She was losing much blood, and the Simbas wouldn't let us near her. She died early in the morning after lying alone on the street for many hours." The Simbas then looked their prisoners back in the hotel, where most were ultimately rescued.

Back to the Cadavers. Before they fled, the Simbas took revenge on four priests who had tried to protect the nuns and incurred further rebel wrath by continuing to celebrate Mass and singing hymns—more had *dawa* as far as the Simbas were concerned. When the priests tried to escape from a rebel truck, three were killed on the spot. The fourth survived by playing dead. But was driven mad by the experience. Carried into Leopoldville last week in a plane-load of survivors, he kept muttering: "I must go back to join the cadavers."

And indeed there were plenty left

tant winging to Johannesburg to hire 150 more white soldiers. Tshombe himself flew off to Paris, where he pleaded unsuccessfully for assistance from Charles de Gaulle. Said Tshombe: "We are lost children struggling through the dark."

## GREECE

### The Meaning of an Explosion

Under one name or another, Greek rightists and leftists have long fought each other. But in 1942 two mutually suspicious Greek guerrilla detachments—one made up of E.D.E.S. nationalists and the other of E.L.A.S. Communists—joined forces long enough to give protective cover to a British demolition team that blew up a railway bridge at Gorgopotamos, 130 miles from Athens, thus halting supplies intended for transshipment to Rommel's Afrika Korps in Libya. In reprisal, 14 Greek hostages

Leftist Deputies charged that the mine had been freshly placed by rightist terrorists. The rightists replied by censoring Papandreu for 1) permitting a mass meeting on a former minefield, and 2) failing to curb Red organization and activity. Right-wing and left-wing Deputies came to blows while Papandreu lit a cigarette and sat back, seemingly safe in the middle. But the aftermath of the explosion implied a different meaning: under Papandreu's center government, the Communists have enjoyed an ominous revival in Greece.

## COMMUNISTS

### Independent Dummy

Before the Sino-Soviet split became public, Peking used little Albania as a sort of ventriloquist's dummy. Albania's fiercely anti-Khrushchev rulers said all the nasty things about Moscow that the Chinese obviously wanted to say themselves. Since Nikita Khrushchev's ouster amid signs of a Russian-Chinese thaw, the Communist world—and its observers in the West—have wondered whether the Albanian line might soften. Last week came the answer: not a bit.

Pravda and Izvestia printed friendly articles about Albania, and the Soviet Union dispatched fraternal greetings on the occasion of the 20th anniversary of the "liberation" of Albania from Axis occupation. It was wasted effort. Albania flexed its puny muscles with an 85-minute parade through Tirana's normally trafficless streets, and the military display included a few rockets, probably donated by Red China. Albanian Party Boss Enver Hoxha ranted his way through a three-hour speech hailing the removal of Khrushchev but blasting the new Soviet leadership for its failure to rehabilitate Stalin, who, said Hoxha, was a great Marxist-Leninist even though "he may have committed some small errors." Hoxha sneered that the new Soviet leaders "would like to have us Albanians go to Moscow and bow before them because we are a small country while they represent a big country. They are much mistaken."

On hand were delegates from pro-Chinese splinter parties in Western Europe and Peking-controlled Communist parties in North Viet Nam, North Korea, Indonesia, Japan and, of all places, New Zealand, Rumania and Cuba also sent delegates, indicating an interesting degree of independence from Moscow. None of the other, normally pro-Moscow parties attended. Peking meanwhile rejected another Moscow invitation for a meeting of the worldwide Communist movement.

But even the somber Chinese seemed to be displaying a sense of humor in the matter of Albania. Peking's People's Daily declared that the "comradeship in arms" between China and Albania "is as deep as the Adriatic and as sublime as the Himalayas." The Himalayas are sublime, all right, but the Adriatic Sea, which washes the shores of Albania, is notorious for its shallowness.



CROWD GATHERING BELOW GORGOPOTAMOS BRIDGE BEFORE BLAST  
The middle was a minefield too.

behind. In Stanleyville, where the Congolese government army was barely holding on in the face of rebel snipers and raiding parties, only the road to the airport had been cleared of corpses. In the city, dogs were seen feeding on rotting bodies. A typhoid epidemic erupted among the city's 220,000 Congolese, with only one doctor left. Snipers kept up sporadic fire against all planes landing or taking off from Stanleyville's jungle-encircled jet strip, and after a Belgian International Air Service DC-4 crashed on takeoff, killing seven, civilian aircraft were banned from landing. At the same time, reports for the rebels, according to some reports, was filtering in from the Sudan, where "President" Christophe Ghenye and his wild-eyed defense minister, Gaston Soumialot, were holed up in Khartoum.

With Stanleyville in tenuous government control and 500 hostages still scattered throughout a rebel-held reach of hush almost as large as France, Premier Moïse Tshombe clearly needed more help. Major Mike Hoare, commander of the mercenaries fighting for the Congo government, sent his adju-

tant winging to Johannesburg to hire 150 more white soldiers. Tshombe himself flew off to Paris, where he pleaded unsuccessfully for assistance from Charles de Gaulle. Said Tshombe: "We are lost children struggling through the dark."

The Gorgopotamos bridge was rebuilt with Marshall Plan funds, and last week busses and trains brought 10,000 leftists to the site to commemorate the 22nd anniversary of the explosion. Also on hand was a rightist delegation from E.D.E.S., as well as government officials and army officers. After a *Te Deum* Mass, much of the crowd began to sing Communist guerrilla songs and shout Communist slogans. Suddenly there was a violent explosion near the bridge. Screaming "Fascists!" and "Killers!" the crowd scattered, leaving behind 13 dead and 15 wounded.

The explosion reverberated inside Parliament, where Premier George Papandreu admitted that the memorial site had been a minefield during the 1947-49 civil war with the Greek Communists. The field had been cleared by the Greek army 15 years ago, but obviously at least one mine, a U.S. Army model M2A3, had been overlooked.





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# THE HEMISPHERE

## ARGENTINA

### The Return That Wasn't

To the bored cluster of newsmen posted outside his lavish villa in suburban Madrid, it looked like any other day in the life of Juan Domingo Perón. There had been the usual trickle of callers in the afternoon and evening. At 8 p.m. the exiled dictator went to dinner with Isabelita, his pretty young wife, a Spanish police officer assigned to guard him, and a few Peronista visitors from



PERÓN (WITH SUITCASE) IN RIO  
The Untouchables played on.

Argentina. Later, as always, Perón went upstairs to watch television, which invariably occupies him until Spain's only channel goes off the air at 12:30 a.m. Instead, with *The Untouchables* turned up full blast inside, Perón suddenly embarked on a hugger-mugger exploit of his own that was to make world headlines, involve half a dozen governments, and end in a greater deflation for Perón than any event since his ouster from Argentina nine years ago.

Another Eva. Perón's great misadventure began shortly before midnight when a Mercedes sedan pulled out of his underground garage. Inside were Jorge Antonio, Perón's financial adviser, and Delia Parodi, a Peronista splitfire from Buenos Aires; the guard waved them briskly through the gate. Then, out of sight a few miles up the road, Jorge Antonio stopped the car and bus-

tled around to the trunk. And who popped out? Of course. Even with a hat tugged over his eyebrows and a vicuña scarf pulled up tightly around his chin, the sportily dressed figure who took his place in the back seat was unmistakably Juan Perón, now 69. Secrecy and surprise were his watchwords—and his only hopes of success. When the Mercedes roared into Madrid Airport, Iberian Flight 991 to Rio was warming up on the takeoff strip. Shielded by a waiting cordon of police, Perón, Jorge Antonio and Delia Parodi scrambled aboard the DC-8, where six other Peronistas were waiting for them.

So, at last, began *El Retorno*, fulfilling the dictator's endlessly repeated vow to come back some day to the troubled country where the name of Perón still commands the almost religious adulation of 3,000,000 followers. His pledge to return was originally proposed by Peronista leaders as an expedient to help reunite their slowly splintering movement. At first, *El Lider* was lukewarm to the idea, but gradually, as Perón talked more and more about it, the vision of a triumphal recovery of power became an obsession. Isabelita, too, became infected, soon dreamed of replacing her old rival Eva. By last week, when several key Perón aides advised him against *El Retorno*, the mirage had gripped Perón's brain like a drug.

Rare Solidarity. What followed—and what Perón could not have anticipated—was a rare example of Latin American cooperation and solidarity. At first, Argentine President Arturo Illia had himself hacked away from any countermove that might offend the Peronistas, whose votes provided Illia's winning margin in last year's elections. "Perón's return is up to Perón," Illia repeated cryptically. But Interior Minister Juan Palermo figured that the ex-dictator would not return directly to his homeland but would mastermind the revolution in Argentina from one of the neighboring countries. Chile, Peru and Brazil all agreed to send Perón packing if he tried. Brazilian officials were particularly sympathetic, since their own deposed President João Goulart is threatening to mount a Brazilian revolution from exile in Montevideo. Only Paraguay, ruled by Perón's longtime friend, General Alfredo Stroessner, seemed ready to welcome Perón.

At 7:35 a.m. the red and white plane bearing Perón whistled down through the overcast into Rio's Galeão Airport. Immediately 30 white-helmeted, machine-gun-toting police surrounded the plane, and all passengers were ordered off. From the tourist section tumbled 43 grumbling travelers, but the nine up front held fast. Finally, the Foreign Ministry's chief of protocol hustled aboard. "Señor Perón," he said, "your trip has come to an end. You have been declared *persona non grata*." "I know

international law well," snapped Perón. "I am aboard a plane with the Spanish flag and thus under the protection of the Spanish government, and you cannot interrupt my trip."

Brazil could, and did. Preceded by two Brazilian officials, Perón—who had dyed his sleek hair its pristine black—led his company down the steps. They were hustled to waiting cars and whisked across the field to Galeão Air Force Base as "guests of the airbase." Behind them in the plane they left six automatic pistols, a submachine gun, a Luger pistol and a suitcase full of ammunition. That night Perón and entourage were bundled back aboard the same Iberia jet—this time bound for Madrid. The vaunted return to Latin American soil had lasted just 16 hours.

As for his return to Spain, Perón had blatantly violated the conditions of his asylum by actively engaging in politics. Still, the Franco regime, which had gone out of its way to keep Perón's mission secret, felt sufficiently kindly toward him to divert the plane 240 miles south to Seville, to spare him the embarrassment of facing scores of reporters and photographers waiting in Madrid. And when newsmen besieged his Seville hotel, Spanish authorities hustled him out to another hideaway in Torremolinos.

Split Movement. At week's end many Latin Americans questioned the legality of Brazil's action. In Argentina a far livelier subject for debate was the future of Peronismo. In view of his ludicrous humiliation, even Peronistas now doubt that he will ever again try to return to Argentina; most agree that Perón has exploded the "Perón myth," once and for all.

As a result, the movement will probably split into two main factions—one a moderate group favoring "Peronismo without Perón," the other a hard-line Marxist faction that will now seek to foment revolution as the only road to its working-class goals. Nonetheless, as a result of its leader's failure and its own inability to carry through a threatened three-day strike when he landed in Rio, the Peronista movement became a butt for ridicule in Argentina—and in politics few things are as deadly as laughter.

## COLOMBIA

### Cracks in the Showcase

"Colombia is still the showcase of the *Alianza*," says a longtime U.S. resident in Bogotá. "But it is a lopsided showcase." Under the uncertain leadership of President Guillermo León Valencia, Colombia's chronic trade deficit has doubled, reaching a perilous \$750 million; the cost of living has soared a staggering 45%; and more than 10% of the labor force is unemployed. To top those troubles, Colombia's ruling National Front is falling apart.

Colombia's economic woes are not

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entirely of its own making. Its main problem is that world prices for coffee, the country's only real source of foreign exchange, have been in a slump ever since 1957. It was partly in hope of getting the economy moving that the Conservative and Liberal parties buried a bitter, historic feud and formed the National Front in 1958. The coalition has turned out to be a halfway house that neither party can really call home.

**Attacks from Within.** Liberal Alberto Lleras Camargo, who became Colombia's first coalition President in 1958, was an able administrator who held the *frente* together by sheer statesmanship. Conservative Valencia, 55, a courtly, scholarly lawyer, lacks his predecessor's *clan* and political acumen. When his budget came before Congress last October, his own party attacked it as inflationary. But Valencia, the son of Colombia's most revered poet and a lover of poetry himself, has little patience for anything so prosaic as economics. Famed for his gallantry to the ladies and a romantic passion for hunting, he professes to feel "pity for the man who goes to bed every night at the same time."

Last week Valencia ordered a 90-day embargo on nearly all imports, hoping to protect the country's depleted dollar reserves. But the ban is more likely to retard industrial expansion and hobble the country's social and economic development. "I am doing all I can," shrugs Valencia. "I am a poor bullfighter with a bad troupe and a very demanding audience."

**"El Prematuro."** Some bullfight. The *frente* has split into several factions. One Conservative band consistently criticizes Valencia's policies, and a left-wing offshoot of the Liberal Party has even thrown its support to ex-Dictator Gustavo Rojas Pinilla, whose National Popular Alliance Party went from six to 28 seats after the March congressional elections. "We shall take the government by fair means or foul," vows Rojas, whose followers have taken to wearing a Nazi-like party uniform.

About all that the Conservatives still have in common is their revulsion for Liberal Party Leader Carlos Lleras Restrepo, 56, the Liberal choice for coalition candidate in the 1966 elections. A cousin of Lleras Camargo and one of Valencia's most sulphurous critics, Attorney Lleras is nicknamed "*el Prematuro*" by his foes because of his visible eagerness for the presidency.

**The Watchful Military.** The only real power base in Colombia today is the military, and it still seems solidly behind the President. Valencia's war minister, able, astute Major General Alberto Ruiz Novoa, 47, who commanded the Colombian contingent during the Korean War, insists that the armed

forces will adhere to their traditional role as "defenders of civilian rule."

Nonetheless, as Colombia's politicians keep up their feuding, Ruiz is quietly but unmistakably building his own stock. He distributes pamphlets of his speeches, joins in congressional debates, receives hundreds of admiring letters each week. His followers, who call Ruiz "Minister of Hope and Social Justice," believe that he represents the nation's best hope of preserving constitutional rule. For the time being, the military is simply watching developments. But, as Ruiz himself has said, "in times of crisis the armed forces cannot be indifferent to national events."

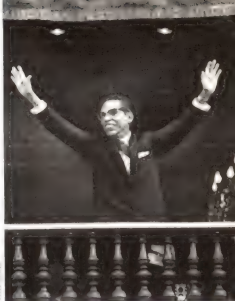
## MEXICO

### A Glowing Start

As Mexico's 60th President stepped out onto the balcony of the austere National Palace, the sun burst through the overcast, warming the sea of upturned faces below. But the most radiant face of all belonged to Gustavo Díaz Ordaz, the brainy backlands lawyer on whose slim frame outgoing President Adolfo López Mateos draped the green, white and red sash of office. With arms outstretched in triumph and a huge, toothy grin creasing his dark, homely countenance, President Díaz Ordaz looked as if he would like nothing better than to hug the officials clustered around him.

**The Fundamental Task.** The fiesta mood was well founded. Of twelve Presidents who have taken office since Mexico's 1910 revolution, Díaz Ordaz, 53, is the first to inherit a prosperous and united nation that faces no immediate major problems. True to the Mexican pattern of orderly alternation between regimes that are to the left or right of center, Díaz Ordaz, who was Minister of the Interior under López Mateos, is slightly more conservative than his predecessor, who nonetheless hand-picked him for the job. As the new President made clear in his inaugural address, his administration, like López Mateos' regime, will put economic growth above doctrinaire politics. Emphasizing that "there is a vast field in Mexico for both public and private investment," Díaz Ordaz warned with characteristic caution: "The political and economic stability that we enjoy are not gifts. They are the result of a dynamic society that establishes economic development as a fundamental task."

Díaz Ordaz' Cabinet appointments suggested that the tough, down-to-earth President intends to handle that task with skill and imagination. His line-up boasts ten lawyers, four engineers, two doctors, two generals, a colonel, an accountant and a professor. In two key nominations, the new President reapointed Finance Minister Antonio Ortiz Mena, who is responsible for sustaining record economic growth along with a stable peso (12½ to the dollar), and for Foreign Minister picked Antonio Carrillo Flores, who as Ambassador to Washington since 1959 had earned the



DÍAZ ORDAZ ON BALCONY  
A well-founded fiesta.

respect of the State Department and the enmity of Mexico's Communist Party.

**Solidarity First.** The choice of Carrillo Flores, plus reports that Díaz Ordaz detests Fidel Castro, was taken by observers as an indication that Mexico may in time sever relations with Cuba, which, alone among Latin American nations, it persists in recognizing. Díaz Ordaz is unlikely to break with Cuba in the near future, however, lest he be accused of repudiating López Mateos.

Nonetheless, Mexico's new President took pains to dispel any illusion that he will promote a Latino form of Gaullism that would seek to build nationalistic prestige at the expense of hemispheric solidarity. Said Díaz Ordaz, "It is unfair to Mexico to be pointed at as wishful of becoming the leader of Latin America. It aspires to be just another member in the group that join its efforts for common improvement."

## BRAZIL

### Memorializing the Centavo

The Brazilian centavo is the monetary equivalent of a gnat's noggin. Officially the world's most minuscule denomination, it was—until last week—worth 5,000,000.65, sixty-five one-hundred thousandths of a U.S. cent. Valued at one twentieth of a cent (5.0005) when it was first issued in 1944, the centavo became a victim of Brazil's roaring inflation, and last week the government finally declared it extinct. So is the one-cruzeiro note (worth 100 centavos), which cost four cruzeiros to print. From now on, cruzeiros up to the 500 denomination (value: 33¢) will be issued as coins. As for the centavo, it immediately became worth more dead than alive. Last week an early ten-centavo piece was fetching 500 cruzeiros from coin collectors.

• The Conservatives have traditionally championed strong centralized government to perpetuate the privileges of an entrenched aristocratic and clerical elite. The Liberals preach social democracy, universal suffrage, and greater local autonomy.

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## PEOPLE

"Many years ago," observed Maine's Senator **Margaret Chase Smith**, 66, at a dinner in Manhattan, "the word square was one of the most honored words in our vocabulary. The square deal was an honest deal. A square meal was a full and good meal. It was the square shooter rather than the sharp-shooter who was admired. What is a square today? He's the fellow who never learned to get away with it, who gets choked up when the flag unfurls. There has been too much glorification of the angle players, the corner cutters, and the goof-offs. One of America's greatest needs is for more people who are square."

Pittsburgh Financier **Andrew Mellon** built Washington's \$15 million National Gallery of Art in 1937 to house the \$50 million art collection he assembled with the aid of Dealer **Joseph Duveen**. His son, **Paul Mellon**, 57, a perceptive critic in his own right, has assembled a second superb collection of 18th and 19th century British painting. Now it looks as though the younger Mellon will build another public gallery in Washington for his 500-odd works of art, which are now hung in Mellon's various homes except when the paintings go on tour. Last week he appointed **Dennis Farr**, 35, a curator of London's Tate Gallery, to plan the project.

Manhattan's Doctors' Hospital, a fashionable stork pad for East Side society, was dismayed. But *West Side Story* Star **Carol Lawrence**, 30, was determined. After taking a \$40 stamina-building course in what its fans these days call "educated childbirth," she wanted that "do-it-yourself feeling." So she did it and felt it, and two weeks after 7-lb. 9-oz. Christopher was delivered, she held a press conference to tell about it. "It beats any show I've been to," thrilled Carol, who had stayed



LAWRENCE & CHRISTOPHER  
Look, no help.

awake all through her own production and was later told by her doctor, "You did that with great flair." The hospital wouldn't let her husband, Singer **Robert Goulet**, 31, in on the act, but that was just as well, since he had refused to take the educated-fatherhood course.

He's accustomed to being called a philanthropist, but when he was labeled a philanthropist, **Richard Burton** reacted as if it were a dirty word. The ruckus started when Bertrand Russell's "Peace Foundation" announced that Burton was giving it all his British earnings. Not so, cried Richard. He had merely donated a few pounds and did not agree with Lord Bertie's anti-American jeremiads. In fact, deadpanned the actor, he gives most of his loose pence to the Invalid Tricycle Foundation of Wales (for crippled miners). Wife **Liz** had



BURTON & ROTHSCILD  
Sari, no slacks.

different challenge. For a Lido opening in Paris, the invitations specified evening pajamas, and half the *haut monde* came in lace or sequined trousers. Not Liz. "I wear slacks to work," she sniffed, threw on her gold lame sari by Balenciaga, and discovered that in spite of being so old-gown, she rated *Table Maudite* Un between two boulevardiers who could afford to clothe her in pure gold: Aristotle Onassis and Baron Guy de Rothschild.

Gagging for a gaggle of admirers, Drumbeatle **Ringo Starr**, 24, gave one last panorama of his aching tonsils before checking in at London's University College Hospital to have them clipped. "I feel fine," he croaked, which by a furry coincidence is the title of the longhairs' latest disk—and thanks to Ringo's sick publicity, it is at the top of London lists. After doctors executed the mop-top's op, a BBC announcer flubbed: "Ringo Starr's toenails were successfully removed." He



RINGO & TONSILS  
What, no toenails?

should have been condemned to the switchboard for the hard day's night that followed.

At the ripe old age of seven, Kelso is planning to retire. But the richest horse in history (total winnings: \$1,900,000) aims to keep busy, says his owner, Mrs. **Richard C. du Pont**, 50, of the Delaware clan. Accepting a couple of trophies for him at a Thoroughbred Racing Association meeting in Manhattan, she said: "Kelso would like to help guarantee the welfare of future generations of horses." Since he is a gelding, he will do that by making fund-raising appearances for veterinary research.

Wearing shoes, stockings, a back brace and pajamas, **Teddy Kennedy**, 32, inched off his orthopedic bed in Boston's New England Baptist Hospital, then took his first steps since he broke his back in a plane crash last June. He walked ten feet, but the effort was so great that he could only grin and nod thanks to his doctors. Nonetheless, the junior Senator from Massachusetts swore afterward that he will walk out of the hospital in time to spend Christmas with his family in Palm Beach.

As the barracks-room balladeer who found oomph in Empah, he was famed at 25 from Mafeking to Mandalay. But in the eyes of his parents, young **Rudyard Kipling** was a light that seemed likely to fail. To his mother Alice, he had "a great deal that is feminine in his nature." His father, John Lockwood Kipling, a museum director in India, summoned Ruddy from school in England at 17 in hopes that working as a reporter on a Lahore newspaper might stiffen his spine. In a series of 14 letters to the boy's headmaster in Devonshire, Papa Kipling grumped: "I don't think he is of the stuff to resist temptation. Journalism seems invented for such desultory souls." Far from desultory was the bidding in London last week, where the Ruddy correspondence sold for a red-blooded \$12,600.





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## THE LAW

### OBITER DICTA

#### Religion in the Schools

For all those people who have been sincerely disturbed by Supreme Court decisions forbidding the recitation of state-prescribed prayers in public schools, Harvard's famed constitutional law professor, Paul Freund, had some reassuring words last week. Not that Freund disagreed with the court. It is hard to see how it could have ruled any other way, he said in a lecture at Harvard's School of Education. But the decisions, he insisted, "are more important for the doors they leave open than for those they shut."

Religion, Freund reminded his audience, "is unquestionably a part of our cultural tradition. A number of the holidays we observe, the coins we take and spend, the public addresses we hear, the

isters were included among his collaborators. Freund explained: "I don't think there would be any constitutional difficulty about bringing in ministers as consultants. I just thought it would be more prudent, if a board or a city were interested in revising its curriculum, to do it with secular experts."

### CRIMINAL PROCEDURES

#### Signs of a Soviet Switch

To Western law experts, the most dangerous defect in Soviet legal thinking is the tacit assumption by Russian courts that a defendant has been brought to trial because he is guilty, and that courtroom testimony at best can serve only to mitigate a sentence. The Soviet attitude stems largely from the fact that the kingpin of the system is not an impartial judge but a procurator, a sort of super district attorney and Big Brother rolled into one. As the state's No. 1 law enforcer he conducts investigations, orders arrests, serves as prosecuting attorney, keeps an eye on courts for irregularities and carries out sentences. In effect, about all that is left to the court is to decide on the severity of the sentence.

Lately, some Soviet judges and lawyers, disturbed by this one-sided setup, have stirred up a strenuous debate on the procurator's prerogatives. Writing in *Izvestia* last week, the Soviet Union's highest judge declared that a defendant should not be presumed guilty simply because the procurator says so. "Only the court can decide in the name of the state whether a person is guilty," wrote Soviet Supreme Court President Alexander Gorkin. At least that's what it said in *Izvestia*.

tablished until the mid-1950s, the jury agreed that the American Tobacco Co. could not have known during most of Green's smoking years that cigarettes can cause cancer. Later, after the Florida Supreme Court ruled that Florida law subjects any product sold for public consumption to an "implied warranty" that it is not harmful, the Federal Court of Appeals ordered a retrial of the Green case.

**Question of Numbers.** When the retrial opened in Miami Federal District Court last month, Dr. Hastings had hopes of winning the first damage verdict in the history of the tobacco-cancer controversy. His hopes began to fade when Judge Emmet C. Choate started his charge to the jury. Implied warranty, explained the judge, only meant that the product must be "reasonably fit and safe for the ordinary purpose for which it was sold." The issue, he continued, was not whether Green died of cigarette-induced cancer; another jury had



PROFESSOR FREUND

*If the audience isn't captive.*

inscriptions on public buildings that we enter, all bear witness to the infusion and persistence of this tradition." It is hard to see how such things can be challenged in law, he said, "so long as they are not addressed to a captive audience and do not call for a profession of commitment or rejection on the part of those who witness them."

Schools are still free, Freund said, to teach about religion, even if they may not teach religion itself. The distinction, he admitted, is easier to point out than to practice. As for the moral education he called for, that presents "even greater subtleties." But the need is also great. The religious aspect of education, Freund concluded, "is too important to be left to the professional educators alone." What is needed is a collaboration, "among others, of philosophers to clarify objectives, psychologists to advise on techniques of learning, and lawyers to furnish materials from the quarries of moral decisions known as the law reports." Asked why no min-

### TRIALS

#### Cigarettes v. Lollipops

As both a licensed physician and a lawyer, Florida's Lawrence V. Hastings was uniquely qualified to participate in the growing controversy over whether cigarettes cause cancer, and if so, whether the companies that make them are liable for the damage they cause. Dr. Hastings has not failed his calling.

**Unexpected Evidence.** Ever since 1957, after Miami Contractor Edwin M. Green learned that he had lung cancer, Dr. Hastings has been in court suing the American Tobacco Co. for \$1,500,000 in damages, charging that its Lucky Strike cigarettes, which Green smoked at the rate of as many as three packs a day for 32 years, caused the contractor's illness. While the first trial was in progress, Green provided some unexpected evidence by dying of the disease.

Hastings won a verdict that cigarettes did indeed cause Green's death, but the jury refused to award any damages to Green's wife and son. Since the knowledge of tobacco's dangers was not es-



DOCTOR-LAWYER HASTINGS

*If Luckies are reasonably fit.*

decided that. This jury was simply to determine whether "a large segment, a responsible segment, a significant number" of smokers were endangered.

Under that definition, the tobacco company was found not guilty of breaching its implied warranty. Complained Dr. Hastings: "If a candy company sold one poisoned lollipop that caused one death, it would not be necessary to show that its lollipops had killed off a sizable segment of the population."

Last week the doctor-lawyer asked for a new trial on the grounds that "the verdict was contrary to the evidence." As lawyer, he faced the problem that the jury was assessing the danger not of one unusual lollipop, but the possible danger of countless ordinary cigarettes to a "significant number" of people; as doctor, he must have realized that for all the convincing statistics pointing to a relationship between smoking and lung cancer, the tobacco companies can still point to millions of people who smoke and do not contract the disease.



FOLK SINGER BAEZ AT RALLY  
Students went limp, and to jail.

## STUDENTS

### To Prison with Love

"Have love as you do this thing," cooed Folk Singer Joan Baez, "and it will succeed." It was a battle cry, not a ballad. Marching behind their Joan of Arc, who was wearing a jeweled crucifix, a thousand undergraduates of the University of California at Berkeley stormed four-story Sproul Hall, the school's administration building. For 15 hours they camped in the corridors, whanged guitars, played jacks, watched Charlie Chaplin movies. Stairwells became "freedom" classrooms. An alcove was a kitchen where coeds made thousands of sandwiches for the all-night siege. The school had locked the bathrooms, but students with screwdrivers lifted the pins from hinges. For communication with the outside world, they used walkie-talkies.

Then, on orders from Governor Pat Brown, 400 policemen swept into the building. The students sprawling over the littered floors offered no defiance. They went limp, and for the next 13 hours police dragged them along hallways, pushed them into elevators or bumped them down stairs, and shoved them into buses backed up at the rear entrance. "This is wonderful, wonderful!" shouted Protest I leader Mario Savio, 21, a red-haired philosophy student, just before police took him away. Girls were carted off to the city jails; boys were hauled to the Santa Rita prison farm, where tough criminals in blue denims watched dumfounded as guitar-laden, bearded students were herded in.

**A Battered Police Car.** In the end, 814 were arrested, and it all grew out of a plot of campus property 26 ft. wide and 60 ft. long outside the Sather Gate entrance to the campus. That was the traditional spot where students recruited funds and followers for off-campus activities such as civil rights demonstrations and political campaigns. When school opened Sept. 21, the university

barred any more solicitations, in part because of complaints from politicians that university property was being used by partisan groups in the presidential campaign. Thousands of students responded by staging a protest that trapped a police car summoned to arrest a defiant recruiter. While police and their prisoner huddled for 32 hours inside the patrol car, students and off-campus agitators battered it, rocked it, used the roof as a speaker's rostrum. Stunned, the university vacillated over its next move, then suspended eight ringleaders of the demonstration.

The move backfired. A faculty committee set up by Berkeley Chancellor Edward M. Strong deplored punishing eight students among thousands, censured the administration for acting without customary hearings and due process, and criticized the vagueness of university rules governing political activity. Meeting last month, the university regents adopted recommendations made by President Clark Kerr. They rescinded the rules barring political recruiting on campus but insisted on the right of the university to discipline or expel any students who might be arrested in consequence of political activity.

**Castro Tactics.** The regents' concession was probably sweeping enough to have ended student protests, although undergraduates protested that as individuals they should be free to organize politically and risk arrest without the added jeopardy of university punishment. But the university promptly reopened the dispute by threatening to discipline four student leaders, including Savio, who had organized the demonstration around the police car. Shouted Savio: "This factory does unjust things, and we'll have to cause the wheels to grind to a halt." Then he led the investment of Sproul Hall.

The arrested students were freed on a mass bail bond of \$85,000, which a faculty group helped to guarantee. Within hours, the intransigent undergraduates, since October organized in a self-styled Free Speech Movement dominated by civil rights militants, Trotskyite groups, and members of a Communist front, called a strike on the 27,500-student campus at Berkeley. "We have promised that this university shall not run," said Savio, "and we shall keep that promise." One-third of the Berkeley faculty signed a telegram to Kerr and Strong urging amnesty for the four students who face punishment, and 5,000 students staged a rally outside Sproul Hall to hear speeches, strike appeals, and a final folk song in Portuguese by Joan Baez.

Kerr, who conceded that the F.S.M. at first reflected an "understandable concern" over student political rights, assailed the dissidents as "an instrument of anarchy and political aggrandizement." Even before the sit-in, he had concluded that a handful of activists in the demonstrations "have been impressed with the tactics of Fidel Castro and Mao Tse-tung."

### Individuality at Iowa

Barring a so-so football record, the University of Iowa is a contented campus this fall. It has regents who value academic freedom, faculty and students hospitable to fresh ideas, ever-more-liberal financial support from the legislature. More important, the university has a tradition of wise, long-reigning presidents. Last week Iowa installed a new one, the first in 24 years.

From the start, the man seemed to match the office. Said Howard R. Bowen, 56, in his inaugural address: "The University of Iowa, located almost literally on the edge of a cornfield," must



SAVIO ADDRESSING CROWD  
They whanged guitars, played jacks and watched Charlie Chaplin.



BOWEN & STUDENTS

*The man matched the office.*

be "a place that is hospitable to the individual human being, that raises his aspirations. I hope we shall also seek individuality for the university itself."

**Natural Habitat.** Bowen's durable predecessor, Rhodes Scholar Virgil M. Hancher, has kept Iowa in the front rank of state universities. The Iowa City campus is home for some of the most adventuresome minds in science and the arts: Physicist James Van Allen, Psychologist Wendell Johnson, Printmaker Mauricio Lasansky, Paul Engle's famed Writers' Workshop. The library, medical and law schools are among the best in the U.S. But Hancher is a corporation lawyer by training and cautious by instinct. "He tended to protect what we already had," says one dean, "but I am more concerned about the future than today's needs." With Hancher approaching mandatory retirement at 68, the regents last year also began to think about the future. Screening more than 130 candidates, they finally chose Bowen, a specialist in economic theory, whom they found only 56 miles away, where he was president of Grinnell College.

For Bowen it was a homecoming. He got his doctorate from Iowa, taught there for seven years before becoming an expert in fiscal policy and the problems of small business for the New Deal. Then he worked as an economist for the Irving Trust Co. Over the next ten years he moved from the University of Illinois to Williams College as professor of economics and then to Grinnell in 1955. When Bowen arrived, the school was scratching for students; by the time he left they were fighting to get in. Grinnell won one of the first Ford Foundation matching grants and, under Bowen, spent \$6,000,000 on construction, curriculum revision, faculty wage increases.

**Another Oxford?** Bowen has brought the same vitality to Iowa since his appointment last spring. Already in progress is \$60 million worth of new construction, including a fine arts center

designed by Harrison & Abramovitz. Planning for a big state university was surprisingly similar to the needs of Grinnell, Bowen discovered. "I just had to add another digit or two."

One key set of digits is the student body of 15,000, due to double in a decade. But Iowa's new president is determined that the school preserve quality amidst growth, even if it means reorganizing the university along the lines of Oxford's residential colleges. "While other institutions may take on a somewhat wider range of programs," he said last week, "I believe our future lies in a carefully restricted scope. Let us emphasize thoroughness and depth rather than versatility and range."

## PROFESSORS

### "The Crassest Opportunism"

One cause of the growing shortage of college teachers is a "crisis in values" that has infected a generation of young scholars with "the crassest opportunism in grantsmanship, job hopping and wheeling-dealing." So writes John W. Gardner, president of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, in his annual report.

Many professors, says Gardner, think that "students are just impediments in the headlong search for more and better grants, fatter fees, higher salaries, higher rank." Catering to these professors, universities often relieve them of almost all teaching. "Needless to say, such faculty members do not provide the healthiest models for graduates thinking of teaching as a career," Gardner insists that professors and college officials must "behave as though undergraduate teaching is important." Typically, they might emulate the salary incentives and status benefits that a few worried universities, such as U.C.L.A., are offering to faculty members who are notably engrossed with teaching undergraduates.

### Cold Shoulder

Two years ago, Soviet Poet Robert Rozhdvestvensky, 32, was the idol of rebellious Communist youth. Sharing a platform with Evgeny Yevtushenko and other young poets, Rozhdvestvensky declaimed against the cult of Stalinism.

*How could we*

*An atheist people*

*Be servants of a cult?*

he cried, and the people cheered.

But Khrushchev said tut-tut to all that, and Rozhdvestvensky rather readily switched his blank-verse sermonizing from anti-Stalinism to anti-Americanism. Imagining himself a U.S. Indian in wild West days, he asked:

*What if . . . we should once more*  
*hear the warpath's call?*

*How the tomahawk would glint in the*  
*dash.*

*What scalp would steam in our*  
*hands.*

Even steamier was a poem denouncing Russian-horn U.S. specialists on the So-

viet Union. Rozhdvestvensky said that during World War II they joined the Nazi armies and burned villages, raped women, massacred the wounded, and

*smashed the gun butts*

*down on the babies' cribs.*

Last week, in the course of the bland functioning of machinery that exchanges Soviet and U.S. scholars, Rozhdvestvensky and four other Soviet writers came to Yale University, towed by Harold Taylor, former president of Sarah Lawrence College. Just as international fellowship was beginning to ripen, a chap burst in to charge the Soviet poet with "almost pathological anti-Americanism," which he documented by quoting the poems. The rude fellow was Charles Moser, 29, assistant professor of Slavic languages at Yale, and a graduate exchange student at the University of Leningrad five years ago. He argued that "to give the Russians anything more than the most reserved of receptions is to encourage those dedicated to the repression of any sort of liberalization in Soviet life."

Moser's call for a cold shoulder was cold-shouldered by most of his Yale colleagues. Robert Jackson, a specialist in Russian literature, called Moser's statement "irresponsible," and said that the university should be hospitable to obnoxious opinions. Even Frederick Barghoorn, who spent 16 days in Moscow jail last year as an alleged U.S. spy, gulped and endorsed Rozhdvestvensky's visit as a useful dialogue that explores rival opinions.

At first Moser seemed somewhat bewildered by the uproar. But he quickly recovered his poise, renewed the argument in a face-to-face showdown with the Russians. Soviet Editor Aleksandr Chakovskiy, one of the party, protested—but Moser had already ticketed Chakovskiy as an ex-agent of the Russian secret police. "I decided the attitude should be on the tough side of neutral," Moser summed up.



ROZHDVESTVENSKY & CHAKOVSKIY AT YALE  
*Someone tossed a tomahawk.*



# THE PRESS

## LIBEL

### What's in a Name?

During the years that Drew Pearson's syndicated column "Washington Merry-Go-Round" ran in the Fairbanks, Alaska, News-Miner, Pearson's most constant detractor was C. W. (for Charles Willis) Snedden—who happens to be the News-Miner's publisher. It seemed to Snedden that the columnist never got



PEARSON & SENATOR MORSE  
Hitting smack in the reputation.

anything right about Alaska, not even the cost of a gallon of gas in Fairbanks, which Pearson quoted at \$1 (actual price at the time: 51¢ to 54¢). Finally, Snedden could stand no more. "The garbage man of the fourth estate," his paper sneered in an editorial as it dropped the column.

This description joined the list of unflattering epithets—among them "chronic liar," "journalistic potestant" and "s.o.b."—that have already been hurled at Pearson without puncturing his hide. But the News-Miner's phrase hit him smack in the reputation—or so the columnist claimed in a \$176,000 libel suit. In his own defense, Pearson produced almost half a dozen character witnesses, among them the gentleman farmer whose 499 acres are near the Pearson property in Maryland: U.S. Senator Wayne Morse.

Last week in Fairbanks, Superior Court Judge Everett Hepp decreed that Columnist Pearson had not been damaged. The recent U.S. Supreme Court ruling that public officials cannot collect for public criticism unless malice is proved (Time, March 20), said Judge Hepp, should apply equally to public critics. As for the aptness of the News-Miner's description, Judge Hepp made no direct comment. But he was moved to include in his decision a question raised by the defense counsel: "How many garbage pails must a person empty to be called a garbage man?"

## MAGAZINES

### Forum Renoscent

When Time Inc. reluctantly published the final issue of *Architectural Forum* in September, there were many who mourned the magazine's passing. Chief among them were the 64,000 subscribers, who gave *Forum* top ranking in its field. This week, *Forum* got a new lease on life. Beginning next April, announced the American Planning and Civic Association, it will resume publication of architecture's most influential U.S. journal.

A nonprofit organization devoted since 1904 to "improving the character, appearance and functioning of American cities," the association early recognized *Forum* as an important ally in its cause. Its ambition to revive the magazine was cordially approved by Time Inc., which bestowed the publishing rights as a gift. *Forum's* future will be in experienced hands: ten members of the old staff, headed by General Manager Lawrence W. Mester and Managing Editor Peter Blake.

## COLUMNISTS

### Practicing Medicine in Print

Dr. William Brady, a spry, 84-year-old resident of Beverly Hills, takes great pride in his health. Brady is deal in one ear, and a few months ago he had to give up daily somersaulting after cracking a vertebra in a dizzy spell following a spin. But his eyes are bright, 16 of his teeth are his own, and his arteries "are no harder than those of a man of 45." All told, Brady makes a lively exhibit for the efficacy of his own advice, which he has dispensed daily, through his syndicated column, "Personal Health Service," for the past 50 years.

Brady's 5,000,000 outpatients—a figure reflecting the combined circulation of his 80 papers—get a solid dose of old-fangled, no-nonsense medical advice. He is against TV patent-medicine commercials, toothpaste the uses soap and a birch toothpick. "What is my blood pressure advice?" he once asked his readers, and capitalized his answer: "NEVER MIND YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE." In a column on the benefits of exercise, he scolded sloths: "Don't just sit on your ischial tuberosities, watching hired professionals play."

Down to the Tegument, "Temperance, correct breathing, nudity and conservation of the teeth" stand high on his list of good health habits. Brady himself often peels down to the tegument—in some sequestered corner, to be sure. "A certain amount of nakedness is good for the body," he says, "for it gives all the cells a chance to breathe freely."

House & Home: Time's other building publication, was sold to McGraw-Hill.

If his homespun counsel smacks medicine's horse-and-buggy days, it is only because Brady himself is a product of that departed time. After graduating from the University of Buffalo medical school in 1901, he set up practice, and in 1914 began writing a column for the *Elmira, N.Y. Star-Gazette*. So far as Brady knows, he was the only M.D. in newspaper practice.

Today, some 30 physicians syndicate medical columns, touching on just about every medical specialty but do-it-yourself surgery. Hundreds more, such as the New York Times's Dr. Howard Rusk, a practicing authority on rehabilitation of the handicapped, continue their practice to the home-town paper. Reader response can be impressive. Dr. Joseph G. Molner, who writes 383 U.S. and Canadian papers, gets up to 100,000 letters a month. At Montreal's French-language *La Presse*, which carries Dr. Brady in translation, he dropped him for a week, the managing editor "heard from almost every average pensioner in the Dominion."

No End of Somersaults. The American Medical Association takes a tolerant position on newspaper medical practice, perhaps because Morris Fishbein, longtime editor of the *A.M.A. Journal* (1924-49), wrote a column himself for 27 years. Fishbein's column, as a matter of fact, survived his newspaper career; after he left it, the syndicate kept it going with three other physicians.

Brady's syndicate, the National Newspaper Syndicate of Chicago, is not at all concerned about finding a successor for him. Tucked away in N.N.S. files is half a century's worth of Brady columns that, because of their basic approach to medicine, are not likely to go out of style. By tapping this reservoir, N.N.S. can keep Dr. Brady somersaulting in print for countless years after his death—and intends doing so.

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DR. BRADY  
Getting off the ischial tuberosities.

TIME, DECEMBER 11, 1964

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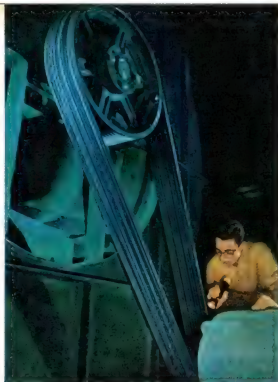
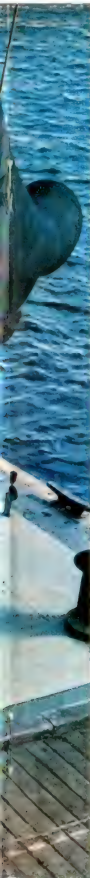
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## MEDICINE

### THE A.M.A.

#### The Making of a President

When the American Medical Association held its semiannual meeting in Miami Beach last week, high on the docket was the election of a president to take office next June. Not surprisingly, the delegates chose a small-town general practitioner, a man who projects just the sort of image that the A.M.A. prefers: Dr. James Ziegler Appel, 57, of Lancaster, Pa. (pop. 60,000).

Dr. Appel's ancestors immigrated from the Palatinate in 1732. He is the son of a doctor who delivered his own baby in the family quarters above his office. Today, Dr. Appel (pronounced apple) still practices in the house where he was born. He wears a hearing aid and is enough of a gadgeteer to have adapted it to serve as a stethoscope. "A lot handier than a regular stethoscope," he says, "for getting inside a man's shirt."

**Up the Ladder.** Though he is qualified as a surgeon, Dr. Appel insists that he is still a G.P. "A general practitioner," he says, "can be a very contented person because he becomes infused with a feeling of devotion and humanism; he and his patients get to know one another as persons; the rewards are soul-satisfying. I'm doing general practice and I love it." The house of delegates loved him for it too. They chose him, 131 to 94, over Dr. Donald E. Wood, an Indianapolis specialist in internal medicine.

Though small-town doctors are in a minority in the A.M.A., they get the Association presidency disproportionately often. This is not so much the result of rural overrepresentation as of the facts of medico-political life. The small-town doctor has fewer professional societies to occupy him than his big-city colleagues have; he devotes relatively more time to his county medical

society. Dr. Appel, during most of his professional life, has been methodically working his way up the ladder of medical-society office holding, first at the county level, then the state, and for 19 years as a member (and in many cases, chairman) of innumerable A.M.A. councils and committees.

**Needs of the Elderly.** With its current president, Iowa's Dr. Donovan F. Ward, and President-elect Appel as its chief spokesmen, the A.M.A. will continue to oppose, with one voice, President Johnson's plan to finance medical care for the aged under social security. Knowing that the medicare fight will come to a climax in the next Congress, the A.M.A. decided to hold a 50-state war council next week in Chicago and to appropriate a multimillion dollar campaign fund.

Dr. Appel stated the A.M.A.'s position succinctly: "There is no reason for a tax-supported program. We have a much better program in Kerr-Mills. If the states would enact good Kerr-Mills laws the medical needs of the elderly would be met better and at less expense than through medicare. But if it passes, the A.M.A. will obey the Constitution and the laws."

On another issue the A.M.A. did an extraordinary turnaround last week. Having taken a studiously neutral position on birth control for more than 25 years, it decided that "the prescription of child-spacing measures should be made available to all who require them, consistent with their creed and mores." Having jealously opposed any intrusion into the doctor's domain or infringement of his right to collect fees in the Depression 1930s, the A.M.A. now decided that birth-control guidance should be equally available to private and clinic patients, regardless of whether they "obtain their medical care through private physicians or community-supported health services."

### NUTRITION

#### Too Much of a Good Thing

Aware that she is "eating for two," a pregnant woman is likely to make sure she gets sufficient bread, cereals and milk—all of which, because of the long campaign to wipe out rickets, are usually fortified with vitamin D. Her obstetrician may well prescribe a daily capsule of supplemental calcium and vitamin D. And while the mother-to-be is taking it easy, she may do a little sunbathing, which stimulates her system to make still more vitamin D. It all adds up not only to a hefty dose of the vital vitamin but to some risk that her baby will have heart defects and be mentally retarded as well.

**Thick & Narrow.** Dr. Robert E. Cooke, pediatrician in chief at Johns Hopkins' exciting new Children's Medi-

cal and Surgical Center (TIME, May 22) based his warning on findings that originated in Britain, after the National Health Service offered free vitamins galore and several cases of vitamin D poisoning were recorded. Similar results were observed in Germany. And now, says Dr. Cooke, he is convinced that excessive vitamin D was responsible for the mental retardation and other abnormalities of 13 babies seen in 18 months in his hospital. This indicates that there are several hundred cases a year in the U.S. alone.

Dr. Cooke was careful to point out



VITAMIN D VICTIM

Depositing excessive calcium.

that for the vast majority of women and their babies, the prevailing intake of vitamin D does no harm. But in unpredictable cases, any excess over normal requirements causes unnatural calcium deposition in the fetus; its bones, especially the base of the skull, grow unusually dense, and chalky deposits narrow the aorta. Sometimes the aorta is narrowed around the origin of the renal arteries so that the kidneys are starved of blood and the affected baby suffers from extremely high blood pressure.

**Incurable & Preventable.** The trouble with vitamin D, said Dr. Cooke, is that the body has no effective mechanism for getting rid of an excess. It accumulates until it triggers the deposition of calcium. And it is easy for the susceptible unborn child to get too much of it: one pregnant woman in Baltimore, who was eating well, drinking a great deal of milk, and taking her prescribed multivitamin capsules, was getting 2,000 to 3,000 units of vitamin D daily along with her sunshine supplement, as against a recommended daily intake of only 400 units, even for a fast-growing child. Dr. Cooke suggested that women check with their doctors on their total vitamin D intake. The striking thing about this form of mental retardation, he noted, is that while it is severe and incurable, it is so easily preventable.



A.M.A. PRESIDENTS WARD & APPEL  
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## SPORT

### PRO FOOTBALL

#### Battle of the Bucks

A favorite yarn at the National Football League's plush Manhattan headquarters concerns a plaintive telegram that Commissioner Pete Rozelle received from a coach in the rival American Football League. POPE JOHN WAS A GREAT MAN, read the wire, HE RECOGNIZED THE OTHER LEAGUE. Rozelle's reply: TRUE, BUT IT TOOK 2,000 YEARS.

Last week, for a change, the five-year-old A.F.L. was getting plenty of recognition and precious few snickers. Maybe its teams were still no match for the titans of the N.F.L.—although those were fightin' words in Buffalo and San Diego. But there was one contest in which the A.F.L. was every bit the equal of its older rival: spending money. Armed with a \$1,250,000 advance against its new five-year TV contract with NBC—and with orders to "get competitive" at any cost—the fledgling league plunged gleefully into a dollar-for-dollar battle with the N.F.L. to sign this year's bumper crop of graduating college stars.

**Cash on the Bed.** Eric Ambler might have written the script. The A.F.L. held an illegal secret draft—well before its officially scheduled draft meeting. And the N.F.L. used "baby sitters" to hover over prize prospects and keep them out of the clutches of A.F.L. recruiters. An N.F.L. scout named Dick Pollard tagged along incognito when Indiana Fullback Tom Nowatzke flew to New York and talked contract with the A.F.L.'s New York Jets. The unwitting Jets gave Pollard a chatty tour of Shea Stadium ("Nice," said the spy) and allowed him to sit in on salary negotiations, thinking he was the boy's financial adviser—only to learn the bitter truth after Nowatzke signed with the Detroit Lions instead.

Money flowed like ballpark beer. One promising collegian reportedly returned



HOUSTON'S ELKINS  
After five years, recognition.

to his dormitory room to find \$25,000 in cash laid out neatly on his bed. When the Green Bay Packers lost out to the A.F.L.'s Houston Oilers in the bidding for Baylor End Larry Elkins, Packer Coach Vince Lombardi cracked: "We missed by a couple of hundred thousand." The New York Giants went all the way to \$100,000 to land Auburn's rugged 16 ft. 2 in., 221 lbs.) Tucker Frederickson, the "big back" that Allie Sherman wanted in order to heel up the Giants' sputtering ground attack. Notre Dame Quarterback John Huarte, who was being lough over by the A.F.L.'s New York Jets and the N.F.L.'s Philadelphia Eagles, was asked: "How does it feel to know you'll be able to lay your hands on \$125,000 or \$150,000 in a few days?" Shrugged Huarte: "It's just money."

**Standoff.** Even George Halas was bitten by the spending bug. Owner-coach of the Chicago Bears, Halas has a reputation for penny pinching that goes back 45 years; in the old days, he used to plead bankruptcy every year when contract time rolled around. He also has a team that captured the N.F.L. championship in 1963—but won only



CHICAGO'S BUTKUS (RIGHT) WITH WIFE & HALAS JR.  
After 45 years, the rubber band came off the bankroll.



FROM LOCKHEED RESEARCH:

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into aircraft that fly 2,000 mph

The story began in 1948. A supplier walked into Lockheed with a small sheet of shiny metal. "It's titanium," he said.

Even then—soon after the sound barrier had first been broken in flight—Lockheed scientists were looking ahead to the day when new aircraft would fly several times the speed of sound, creating heat conditions which aluminum could not withstand. Hence their immediate interest in titanium, a tough, lightweight metal which maintains stability at high temperatures.

Titanium is an abundant element, but its affinity for oxygen makes it difficult

to process. The powdered ore must be melted in a vacuum at 2,000° F to eliminate impurities. But when refined and alloyed with other metals, titanium is stronger, stiffer, more fatigue- and heat-resistant than the best aluminum alloys.

The very strength of the new titanium superalloys, however, called for new techniques in fabrication. One by one, Lockheed solved the problems of cutting, machining, welding—developing practi-

cal uses in high speed aircraft for a metal which but a few years before was a laboratory curiosity.

A dramatic climax came early in 1964 with the unveiling of a new Lockheed aircraft built largely of titanium. This new jet flies even faster and higher than will Lockheed's Supersonic Transport—the Lockheed 2000—also to be constructed of titanium and designed to fly 2,000 mph.

Meanwhile, the patient partnership of laboratory, engineering department, and workshop continues its search for even better ways to form, fasten, and fabricate this stubborn metal.

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five games this year. Yanking the rubber hand off his bankroll, Halas shelled out \$50,000 for Kansas Halfback Gale Sayers, then sent George Jr. around with a \$100,000 bundle for Illinois' All-Everything linebacker, "Animal of the Year" Dick Butkus.

By week's end, the duel of the dollars was still pretty much a standoff. The American Football League had signed four of its eight top draft choices; the National Football League had signed nine out of 14. The big battle was yet to be fought—over Alabama Quarterback Joe Namath, who has a date in the Orange Bowl and cannot be bought until New Year's Day. A fine drop-back passer, in the mold of Baltimore's Johnny Unitas, Namath is a special case: he is a No. 1 draft choice in both the A.F.L. (New York Jets) and the N.F.L. (St. Louis Cardinals). With a smart lawyer and a little patience, he could well wind up the highest-paid pro in history—before he even suits up for his first pro game.

## SCOREBOARD

### Who Won

- Mississippi State: a 20-17 victory over Mississippi, favored (by 10 points) and Bluebonnet Bowl-bound; at Oxford, Miss. Trailing 6-3 at half time (on a 48-yd. field goal by State's Justin Canale). Ole Miss rallied for 14 points in the second half, still lost to its cross-state rival for the first time in 18 years—ever since Johnny Vaught, the nation's winningest major college coach, took over as boss of the Rebels.
- Australia's Ron Clarke, 27: a wind-whipped, three-mile race at Melbourne's Olympic Park, in the world-record time of 13 min. 7.6 sec.—clipping 2.4 sec. off the old mark held by New Zealand's Murray Halberg, who trailed Clarke through the tape by 150 yds. Peter Snell failed in his attempt to break his own world record for the mile (3 min. 54.1 sec.), still clocked 3 min. 57.6 sec.—the eleventh time the muscular New Zealander has cracked 4 min.
- Miami's Willie Pastrano, 29: an 11th-round TKO victory over Britain's surprisingly tough Terry Downes, in a light-heavyweight championship bout at Manchester, England. Bewildered by the determined, bull-like charges of the challenger (who works as a bookmaker when he is not fighting), outfought for ten rounds, Champion Pastrano came out swinging in the 11th, decked Downes twice before Referee Andy Smyth stopped the bout.
- Pennsylvania's Roger Penske, 27: a sweep of the first two major races in the Bahamas Speed Weeks, at Nassau's twisting, 4.5-mi. Oakes Field race course. Driving a Corvette Grand Sport, Penske averaged 95.5 m.p.h. to win the Tourist Trophy race for sports cars, switched to a Chevrolet-powered Chaparral to beat A. J. Foyt for the Governor's Cup, averaging a record 100.1 m.p.h. for the 112.5-mi. race.



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Original Painting by Weyerhaeuser Company by Stan Gell

A stillness descends on the forest.

The elk, the raccoon, the rabbit, the blue jay, all pause  
in their never-ending quest for sustenance amid the winter snows.

A Shining Star still sparkles in the blue of the early morning sky.

Christmas has come again.

Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men



Weyerhaeuser Company

## THE THEATER

### Goodbye, Cruel World

**Slow Dance on the Killing Ground**, by William Hanley, encourages three characters, two men and a woman, to tell the audience all about their operations. They discuss not physical but psychic scars—traumatic surgery performed by that mad cruel doctor, life.

A young Negro of high IQ and frayed nerves has stabbed his prostitute mother to death. A German ex-Communist has deserted his Jewish wife and child, abandoning them to torture and death in a Nazi concentration camp. An unmarried but pregnant N.Y.U. coed has lost her way to a Brooklyn abortionist and stumbled into the German's desolate stationery shop to sit on one of the counter stools where each character recites his or her autobiography. The theatergoer is thus once again in the weepy, hysterical presence of collectors of guilt, dispensers of self-pity, proclaimers of futility.

The play is evenly divided between what Playwright Hanley does badly and what he cannot do at all. He cannot initiate action, only total recall. His play has already happened before it goes onstage. His characters are not people but composites researched out of faded newspapers; they are set forth, not in the music of evocative monologues, but in the unrelenting din of talk, talk, talk.

The worst thing that has happened to Hanley is something that he could not have foreseen—the opening of Murray Schisgal's therapeutically hilarious *Live*. Sorry-I-was-ever-born plays now sound like hollow parodies rather than dour profundities; since *Live* raised its satirical whoop, players are bound to lessen their self-commiserating indulgence of misery. More than ever a playwright who intends to woo his audience with some tale of woe will have to do it out of an intensely felt, intensively rendered personal experience.

### The Widower Takes a Wife

**Poor Richard**. Success defines the limits of a playwright; failure may suggest his aspirations. Jean Kerr's *Poor Richard* is that kind of failure. She comes to the new play still wearing the life-of-the-party grin from *Mary, Mary*, but something in her mind is now saying that life is not that kind of party at all, and the result is a probing but irrelative comedy. *Mary, Mary* was a joke-filled shopping bag that existed to be torn so that the laughs would tumble out. *Poor Richard* is a net hopefully cast to trap character and at least two themes of some gravity—the capacity to love and the squandering of talent.

Richard Ford (Alan Bates) is a best-selling poet who was once indentured to his creative task but now plays host to his legend. If a lovely flame has died, no smoke gets in poor Richard's eyes, only more liquor to his lips. He has the

kind of flypaper charm that women love to get stuck with. Inevitably, a Columbia journalism student (Joanna Pettit), who has worshiped him between hard covers, proposes marriage.

But the widower-poet is haunted by the conviction that his late wife never thought he loved her and that he probably didn't. One of her journal entries unearthed by Richard's editor strikingly reveals the contrary, and with this security clearance as a love risk, the poet feels free to wed his blonde disciple.

The journal entry is the fulcrum of the play, and it intervenes like a *derris*-*ex-Olivetti*, imposing an arbitrary happy ending without being psychological.



PLAYWRIGHT KERR & FRIEND  
Too busy to stop and sink.

ly convincing. Like most writers, poor Richard may have been an edgy, self-absorbed husband, but two people who live together for any length of time read each other, without needing the assurance of posthumous journals. Jean Kerr knows this and says as much when she has a character remark that the present generation thinks love "isn't real unless we have a fever of 103."

Mrs. Kerr's concern with the abuse of talent is more than a housewifely horror of waste. Richard Ford is the man who has everything but has lost possession of himself. He is possessed by the world and lived by others. The treachery of money and fame is that they de-bunk money and fame, and Mrs. Kerr hints at this but refuses to put bite in the insight.

Regrettably, substance is frequently sacrificed to surface. Like Eliza crossing the ice floes, the compulsive witlist in Mrs. Kerr reflects a mind too busy to stop and sink. But unlike lesser jokesmiths, Jean Kerr can always be trusted to produce the wit that is instant wisdom, as in "The affair you don't get over is the one you never had."

*Poor Richard* is not well served in di-

© At post opening party.

rection and cast. Director Peter Wood has the *Kon Tiki* touch: he sets the play adrift for the night and apparently prays that it will reach its destination. As *The Caretaker* showed, Alan Bates is fearfully good at transmitting menace, but as a charmer his signals are garbled. As Bates's second mate-to-be, Joanna Pettit is an indelibly enticing ingenue, but speech is her impediment. She says all the words correctly, but her avidly sincere delivery turns comic gold into lead. *Poor Richard* is not rich enough to afford a cast and director who do more to put the play under than over.

### Guilt Unlimited

**Incident at Vichy** aims for the playgoer's conscience, but only grabs his lapels. Arthur Miller has written not a drama but a moral lecture on guilt and responsibility as it concerns the mass murder of European Jewry.

The time is September 1942. The place is a detention room in Vichy, France, where Jews are being rounded up for identity checks and circumcision examinations. As they learn but can scarcely credit, they are destined for the crematory furnaces. Miller assembles a doctor, an actor, a painter, an electrician and others, all representative enough to express the playwright's viewpoints, and none real enough to leave the impress of their own specific personalities.

They indulge in rationales of why the inevitable will not occur. It is unthinkable, they tell each other, inefficient, illegal. One by one, they disappear, until only two are left, the doctor and an Austrian prince who has been brought in by mistake. The doctor convicts the aristocratic Gentile of unintended complicity with the whole monstrous crime. "It's not your guilt I want—it's your responsibility," the doctor thunders. Moments later, the prince hands the doctor his own white paper pass to freedom, and stands, erect and alone, facing the irate Nazi sadists.

This ending is untrue to death. It would have been more moving, as well as more accurate, to have the aristocrat leave and the doctor face his fate. Furthermore, the episode subverts the play's moral stance. It is morally impermissible for the doctor to accept his life at the cost of the prince's. Even so, the stagecraft is considerably less faulty than the logic. Miller has written an equation with a missing term—power. Power precedes responsibility. One is not accountable for events that one is powerless to avert or affect.

Everyone would like to erase, or explain, the tragedies of history, but tragedy is by nature inexplicable, unavoidable and irreversible. Arthur Miller proposes that the living atone for the dead. But universal guilt, like universal love, is an abstraction. "What can ever save us?" the prince asks in a moment of anguish. A touch of genuine humility might help. Only God can be responsible for all to all.

# MODERN LIVING

## FASHION

### Net Gain

Through a glass, darkly, two sets of women eyed each other. The ones outside wore storm coats, mufflers, woolly gloves and boots, and shivered anyway; those inside lolled in nothing but incandescent light and a couple of inches of cloth. None of the show-window mannequins had the get-up-and-go to make it to the Caribbean for Christmas, and few of the lady shoppers had the necessary funds. Still, stores across the U.S. last week were piled high with shifts to go wading in, slacks for strolling sandy beaches, blouses for leaning on foreign balustrades, and ball gowns to have shipboard romances in. Most abundant of all were the bathing suits.

Bikinis and maillots, blousons and middies, all spilled off racks and shelves around the country. Styles were simple (fewer turtle-necks and full-length sleeves than last year), patterns bold (with slashes of stripes and oversize polka dots predominating), and colors smashing (incendiary pinks and theatrical splashes of black on white were favorites). But the real news were the models made, at least in part, of fishnet.

The girls on the French Riviera have been slinging the hole-happy stuff over their bikinis for years. Only this season, however, did it cross to native shores to fill in the spaces exposed by plummeting necklines and high-riding shorts, offering new methods of engineering that open vistas in unexpected places. Cole of California used fishnet to screen a deep isosceles plunge (\$26). Rose Marie Reid to add a jeweled lace topping to a maillot (\$50), while Designer Bill Blass took a big breath, and a giant step, left gaps where gaps had never before been left, and let flesh fill in instead of fishnet.

The selection is as vast as the price range. The view is vastest of all.

## WINE

### This Is the Year That Will Be

France's Minister of Agriculture Edgar Pisani set would-be wine lovers fermenting last July when he advised colleagues at a Cabinet meeting to lay in a few casks of 1964 because it was probably going to be the best vintage since 1921. To insiders, however, this showed him about as wine-wise as a gas-station attendant in Marseille.

In the first place, 1921 was not all that wonderful, and no one can accurately predict the quality of a vintage two months before the harvest. Even then, prognosis is difficult. The highly touted 1959s, for instance, are already beginning to fade, while the rather rough 1957s are just beginning to achieve real quality; the 1934s, downgraded at first, became splendid in 1939.

But Pisani turned out to be a pretty good prophet after all: 1964, harvested, and much of it still bubbling for fermentation in casks of Bosnian oak, may well be a notable year as well as an abundant one. For all France, it is a happy relief after disastrous 1963—a summer so wet and sunless that many of the great vineyards, such as Château d'Yquem and Château Cheval Blanc, sold their entire harvest as *vin ordinaire*.

**Noble Rot.** Growth began about 15 days late last spring, but, once started, was spectacular. The summer was remarkable for its sun and dryness, with just enough rain in September to save the younger vines from drying out. Burgundy's Wine Growers Syndicate, keeping close watch on the balance of sugar and acidity in the ripening grapes, set the date for the beginning of the *vendange* (harvest) relatively early, and wine growers who did not delay were lucky. A solid week of rain that began on Oct. 7 stopped harvesting cold (wet grapes cannot be picked for fear that water may contaminate the juice) and



HARVEST TIME IN FRANCE

*Amiable, supple and round.*

halted the *pourriture noble*—the "noble rot"—that is necessary for late ripening Chateau d'Yquem and other sweet sauternes.

Beaujolais, best drunk young and already on French tables, should be selected with care this year; the weather was so hot when the harvest began on Sept. 15 that vintners who failed to take the precaution of cooling their grapes overnight before squeezing them may have inhibited their fermentation, which ceases if the temperature of the grapes in the vats rises above 96°.

In Bordeaux the growers are delighted. "Really a remarkable *vendange*," glowed Henri Martin, president of the Interprofessional Council of Bordeaux Wines. "I never saw the vines looking so healthy." No responsible expert would dare say just how great the year will be, though Martin admits "the other great years of Bordeaux were not as amiable at first as 1964." The new vintage is extremely "supple" (flow in tannin), therefore may "fade" more quickly than a "harder" wine.

**Beautiful Harmony.** But if the vintners are happy about 1964 in France, in Germany their cup runneth over.

"This is the year that the quantity-quality law went overboard," chorlines round, ruddy Rudolph Ohl, one of Germany's 250 wine commissioners—responsible for tasting and grading the country's top wine. Swirling a pale yellow Niedervalltuler *Auweise* in a clear thin-stemmed glass, then sniffing, tasting, chewing, slurping, gargling, and finally swallowing it, Ohl dared to rank 1964 higher than the superb 1959, which was, after all, "too one-sided; it lacked harmony."

The German "noble rot," called *Edelfaule*, was plentiful, making possible the fruity wine called *Beerenauslese* (selected rotten-ripe). Comments on the 1964 Rhines, Moselles and Rieslings ring the changes on the vocabulary of winemanship: "There should be a great bouquet, and the wine will be well-



NO-NET VENTS



V-NECK NET



LACE OVER NET

*New vistas in unexpected places.*

balanced and round, not hard," said Top Wineman Friedrich Cornelissen. "It will have lots of body, lots of play—it will be rich in expression, healthy and many-sided. In short, 1964 will be one of the most interesting wine years in the past century."

## THE FAMILY

### A Place to Leave the Kids

Suppose there were hotels for children, where parents could park their offspring and take a day off, or a week in the country—or a round-the-world cruise—secure in the knowledge that the children would have expert care, careful supervision, and a wonderful time? Europe has had such hotels for years.

**Soirées & Cocktail Hours.** Most of them are more or less like year-round camps with an international accent. Perhaps the most famous is the Hans Brinker, at the seaside resort of Noordwijk, 30 miles from Amsterdam. Established twelve years ago, the Hans Brinker caters to the peanut-butter-and-jelly set from The Netherlands, Belgium, France, Britain, the U.S., the Arab world and several African nations at the rate of about 1,000 children a year, and at ages ranging from three months to twelve years.

Children can be left over a weekend, or a school vacation, or for as long as three months, and their disencumbered parents can travel, go skiing or sample Paris night life to their hearts' content, comfortable in the thought that the children are having a better time than if they had been taken along or left at home with nurses or baby sitters.

At 5 each afternoon there is a "cocktail hour" (milk, chocolate milk, fruit juices); on Wednesday evenings a "soirée" (plays put on by the children); the days are filled with horseback riding, shuffleboard, pingpong, and swimming in summer—part of the famous Noordwijk Beach is reserved for the hotel. Language barriers go down fast. A Swedish boy at Skansebo—one of Denmark's five children's hotels—learned fluent French and accentless Danish (very difficult for a Swede) on a single summer holiday.

**Breakfast in Bed.** There are at least 30 children's hotels in Britain, and in France one called La Botel (derived from "bébé" and "hotel") has just opened in the hamlet of Bérchereau, about five miles from Rambouillet, where tots have acres to romp in, and cars run two round trips to Paris every day.

But La Botel cannot compete with the holiday luxury of La Meridiana, three miles from Cortina d'Ampezzo, in the Italian Alps. There, 50 young guests are tended by a domestic staff of 20, sleep on Beautyrest mattresses, may opt for breakfast in bed, and at lunch and supper eat like the aristocrats many of them are. Says seven-year-old Count Vincenzo Balestrieri-



DINING IN BED AT ITALY'S LA MERIDIANA  
Better than being dragged along.

Cosimelli: "La Meridiana's much more amusing than a grownups' hotel. I have more time to play and lots of snow to ski in during the winter, which even Daddy can't find for me in Rome."

## TASTE

### "Camp"

Where are the dandies these days? Not the mere lops and mannered exhibitionists, but the lovers and arbiters of style for style's sake, the cherishers and curators of what's amusing (as opposed to what's serious)—a predilection that is one of the luxuries of affluent societies. They thrived in Socrates' Athens and at the Roman courts of emperors and Popes. The 18th century shone with them, and the 19th century produced the dandy of all time, Oscar Wilde.

Wilde rebutted the industrial revolution with flowing locks and velvet suits; he warded off its fumes with a long-stemmed flower. The modern dandy, on the other hand, revels detachedly and deliciously in the vulgarity of mass culture. And the word is not dandyism any more. According to one of Manhattan's brightest young intellectuals, Novelist Susan Sontag, the word is "Camp."

"It's Too Much!" The essence of Camp, writes Miss Sontag in the *Parisian Review*, is "its love of the unnatural: of artifice and exaggeration." Tiffany lamps are Camp, she says by way of illustration, and so is a fondness for Scopitone films and the lurid pseudo journalism of the weekly New York National Enquirer. Turn-of-the-century postcards are Camp; so is enthusiasm for the ballet *Swan Lake* and the 1933 movie *King Kong*. Dirty movies are Camp—provided one gets no sexual kick out of them—and so are the ideas of the French playwright Jean Genet, an ex-thief and pederast who boasts

about it, "Genet's statement that 'the only criterion of an act is its elegance' is virtually interchangeable, as a statement, with Wilde's 'In matters of great importance, the vital element is not sincerity, but style.'"

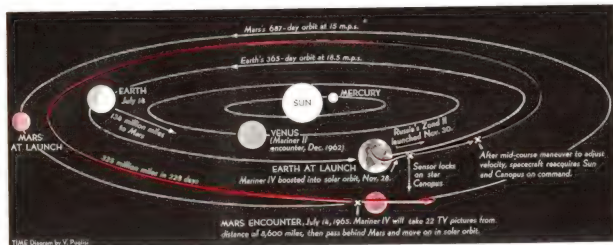
In matters sexual, according to Miss Sontag, Camp goes against the grain, cherishing either the androgynous, swoony girl-boys and boy-girls of pre-Raphaelite painting or the plangent supersexiness of Jayne Mansfield or Victor Mature. In art, Camp's exaggeration must proceed from passion and naïveté. "When something is just bad (rather than Camp)," she writes "it's often because the artist hasn't attempted to do anything really outlandish. 'It's too much,' 'It's fantastic,' 'It's not to be believed,' are standard phrases of Camp enthusiasm."

**So Bad—So Good.** And if this somehow suggests homosexuality, Miss Sontag is not one to deny it. "While it's not true that Camp taste is homosexual taste, there is no doubt a peculiar affinity and overlap. Homosexuals, by and large, constitute the vanguard—and the most articulate audience—of Camp." The reason: it is to homosexuals' self-interest to neutralize moral indignation, and this Camp does by promoting playful estheticism. "The whole point of Camp is to dethrone the serious. More precisely, Camp involves a new, more complex relation to 'the serious.' One can be serious about the frivolous, frivolous about the serious."

Camp, says Miss Sontag, is "the answer to the problem: how to be a dandy in the age of mass culture. The old-style dandy hated vulgarity. The new-style dandy, the lover of Camp, is a lover of vulgarity. Where the dandy would be continually offended or bored, the connoisseur of Camp is continually amused, delighted. The dandy held a perfumed handkerchief to his nostrils and was liable to swoon; the connoisseur of Camp sniffs the stink and prides himself on his strong nerves."

© Originally derived from an Australian term for "a low saloon."





TIME Diagram by V. Pappalardo

## SPACE

### On to the Red Planet

For a few days last week, it seemed as if the U.S. and Soviet Russia were racing each other to Mars. No sooner had the U.S. launched Mariner IV from Cape Kennedy than the Russians put up Zond (for Probe) II. Scientists speculated that the Soviets' more powerful rockets might have given the Red spacecraft enough extra push to carry it past Mariner on the 228-day, 325 million-mile voyage to the red planet. But the race was not so much a contest between nations as it was a confrontation with the inexorable geometry of planetary orbits. Both Russia and the U.S. had rushed their spacecraft aloft to get them through the one-month "window" during which Mars is most favorably positioned for an earth-launched rocket.

Whether Zond had enough zip to overtake Mariner was not clear. But the question seemed academic. Even if Zond gets there first, it may not be able to manage its mission: its power supply seems to be failing.

**A Little Sticky.** Mariner had different difficulties. Just as planned, one of its bright-eyed optical sensors locked on the sun, the craft's prime navigational reference and power source for its solar cells. But when another sensor began searching the heavens for a second reference point—the giant, blue-white star Canopus—Mariner got confused and began looking around in all directions.

First, the star-sighter locked on Alderamin. Then it fixed its gaze on Regulus. Another roll on its axis, and Mariner picked out Naos, then a multi-star cluster near Naos. Finally, when Mariner was 360,000 miles from earth, its electronic eye found a star bright enough to send the proper radio report: Mariner had locked on Canopus.

The fix came none too soon. Besides being a guide on the way to Mars, Canopus also served to aim Mariner's directional radio antenna back toward earth, enabling Jet Propulsion Laboratory scientists to calculate the craft's

flight path. Knowing that path, the rocketeers were able to plan a correction for Mariner's original course, which would have taken it past the red planet at a distance of 151,000 miles—too far for it to shoot any meaningful television pictures. But shortly before that correction could be made last week, Mariner went into an unexpected roll. JPL had to wait until the craft righted itself before carrying out the "mid-course" maneuver designed to turn Mariner over so slightly toward Mars. The maneuver was accomplished, and again Mariner found Canopus. How accurate the course correction was, scientists will not know for days.

**Many Hazards.** But even a successful mid-course correction will not guarantee a successful mission. There are still some 323 million miles to go. The 138,000 parts on board are subject to radiation damage, and to unexplained failure caused by undetected flaws. Only if Mariner survives all such hazards, can the U.S. count on its purple-winged spacecraft taking the first detailed photos of mysterious Mars.

## AERONAUTICS

### Boom & Bust

It sounded like artillery fire rolling in over the rocky desert floor, but the sonic booms generated by the F-104 Starfighters did nothing more than rattle the windows of the 18 buildings spread out over five acres at White Sands Missile Range, N. Mex. The first pass by a Starfighter produced a shock of 4 lbs. per square foot of overpressure. Another boom was boosted to 6 lbs. per square foot, and subsequent booms raised the overpressure to as high as 10 lbs. per square foot. But nothing broke. Officials of the Federal

Ⓜ Pounds of pressure above the normal atmospheric pressure, which is 2,111 lbs. per square foot at sea level.

Aviation Agency began to break out in smiles. Maybe the booms sure to be caused by high-flying supersonic transports would not be so bad after all.

It was obvious that plaster and glass were standing up well. And they were getting hit with five times the average jolt that supersonic planes gave the 750,000 residents of Oklahoma City up to eight times a day in tests earlier this year. During those tests, the FAA answered 12,558 telephone calls and letters of complaint from irate Oklahoma City residents, paid out \$8,608 to settle 163 small damage claims.

A lot of hopes were riding on the White Sands tests. If all went well, the agency would have a firm and convincing argument against the ever-increasing complaints of private citizens. Such an argument will surely be needed as U.S. plans to develop, test and produce supersonic commercial airliners get off the drawing boards and into the nuts, bolts and hardware phase.

In all, the FAA put their manufactured desert town through 15 sonic booms over a three-hour stretch. So well did the buildings bear the booms that a disappointed CBS camera crew left before the show was over. Then, for that inevitable one last picture, a Starfighter was ordered to make a low-level pass at subsonic speeds. But the pilot miscalculated, the speed indicator climbed, and the results were spectacularly embarrassing. Just as FAA Deputy Administrator Gordon Bain was answering a reporter's question about the psychological reaction to sonic booms, a wallowing blast shook the walls, Bain and the newsmen.

A heavy ruby-glass ashtray flew off a desk and sprayed shards over the floor. Outside, both panes of a mock-up storefront were smashed, a glass window in a trailer caved in, and 16 out of 90 panes in a small greenhouse were shattered. The plane had come in at about 650 m.p.h., just over the speed of sound. Distressed FAA officials estimated the overpressure at 25 lbs. to 40 lbs. per square foot, but there was no way



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to be sure; they had already turned off their test equipment. What was scientifically certain was that a big enough boom at a low enough altitude can cause real damage.

## GENETICS

### Always a Good Show

"I've been very much a dabbler, and I'm not ashamed of it. Sometimes I wonder idly what I might be remembered for a hundred years from now—but I don't really very much care what people think about me, especially a hundred years hence." Perhaps John Burdon Sanderson Haldane did not really care, but last week, when it came time for BBC-TV to present a prefilled obituary of the versatile British scientist in which he appeared, it was clear that he would be remembered for a multitude

with the bug of self-experimentation. Crashed in World War I, he plunged into experiments to compare the effectiveness of different types of gas masks. Sent to India, he tested the value of his typhoid inoculation by deliberately drinking unboiled water and chewing betel nuts bought at filthy roadside stands. Haldane did not get typhoid—but he caught a sand-fly fever, which was about as bad.

**Sex Viri.** Demobbed, Haldane took a post as a lecturer in biochemistry at Cambridge University. He also took another man's wife. Writer Charlotte Frank. When he had to pay £1,000 damages as correspondent, the university asked Haldane to resign. He refused. He was called before the *Sex Viri* and fired. Haldane appealed, and a special university court upheld Haldane in his contention that a professor's private life



J.B.S. HALDANE (CENTER) & FATHER (RIGHT)

Daddy dropped him in 40 ft. of water.

of contributions to man's knowledge of his world and of himself.

**Infected with Experiment.** Geneticist Haldane would have been the first to deny that his intellectual gifts and interests could have been genetically determined, but there was no doubt that they were early and firmly imprinted on him by his father, John Scott Haldane (1860-1936). Longtime professor of physiology at Oxford, the older Haldane risked his own life by deliberately inhaling carbon monoxide for more than an hour and by sitting in ovens heated as high as 300° F. Young John was only four years old when his father took him down into coal mines and sewers to let him experience the befuddling effect of methane gas. Having figured out why divers get "the bends" and devised the decompression tables on which all diving practice has been based ever since, his father put young J.B.S. into a diving suit and dropped him into 40 feet of water. It was a quick but effective lesson for the boy, it taught him how to keep his Eustachian tubes open.

Thus the boy was thoroughly infected

is none of the university's business. Then Haldane and Charlotte Frank got married.

In 1933, Haldane switched from Cambridge to the University of London. Wherever he went, he persisted in self-experimentation. He had the blood supply to his arm shut off with a tourniquet until the arm was paralyzed, then watched another man move it with an electric current. To upset his body's acid-alkali balance, he drank ammonium chloride and panted for days afterward. To prove that "sun-stroke" (properly, heat stroke) is not caused directly by the sun's rays, but by the overheating of the brain and spinal cord, he sat in Egypt's broiling sun for two hours, periodically dousing his head and spine with water. He got no heat stroke, but he suffered a severe sunburn across his broad shoulders.

Haldane breathed air containing as much as 11% carbon dioxide—generally accepted as more than any other man

Later for "the six men" as a sort of semi-does.



HALDANE IN 1956



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has survived—and recorded his experiences as he went under. This was soon after the Royal Navy's submarine *Thetis* sank with the loss of all but four in her crew, and Haldane was explaining the heavy death toll. While breathing pure oxygen, he took a "dive" in a compression chamber to seven atmospheres, and it nearly killed him.

But his most extravagant dream of medical martyrdom was not to be fulfilled. In 1949 he wrote: "If King Charles I's or King Louis XVI's head [after their executions] had been stuck within a minute or so on a pump which supplied oxygenated blood to it, it would almost certainly have come around, after half an hour or so, enough to open its eyes and move its lips, and would probably have recovered consciousness. I hope that if I have an inoperable cancer this experiment will be tried on me."

**Party Before Wife.** Haldane's loudly proclaimed political sympathies were with the Loyalists in the Spanish Civil War. Wife Charlotte had led him into the Communist Party, and in 1940 he took over as editorial chairman of London's *Daily Worker*. Charlotte returned disillusioned from Russia and tried to lead Haldane out of the party. But he stuck to it, not to her, and they were divorced. That same year, he married an assistant, Helen Spurway.

Despite his die-hard Marxism, Haldane was too good a scientist to be taken in by all Russian dogma. When the party line sanctified Geneticist Trofim Lysenko, whose theories echoed the "Lamarckian Heresy" holding that environmentally induced characteristics can be inherited, Haldane quit the party.

The London Times called him "a great shambling bear of a man with a big bald head and a loud booming voice which could rise to an indignant howl." His antiwar passions led him to irritation with Britain because of the Suez incident and in 1957 he went to India. There he eventually settled down, as head of the Orissa state government's Genetics and Biometry Laboratory.

A year ago, Haldane was stricken with cancer of the rectum. Still irrepressible, he wrote a piece of doggerel for London's *New Statesman* and *Nation* entitled "Cancer's a Funny Thing":

*I wish I had the voice of Homer  
To sing of rectal carcinoma . . .  
I know that cancer often kills,  
But so do curbs and sleeping pills;  
And if can hurt one till one sweats,  
So can bad teeth and unpaid debts.  
A spot of laughter, I am sure,  
Often accelerates one's cure.*

Laughter was not enough. Last week recurrence of his cancer ended the stormy, 72-year life of John Haldane. At his bidding, his widow sent his body to a medical college to be used for research. Haldane had amply fulfilled a lifelong desire: "I hope that I shall find time to think as I die, I am glad that I lived when and where I did. It was a good show."



Summer Halshand tests some of the fishing lures he manufactures in East Greenwich, R. I.

## "Life insurance can wait. My lure business can't!"

"But a MONY man outlined a 10-year program that would build cash for emergencies. I liked that!"



Summer Halshand talks "Money" with Lee Lehman.

"Life insurance is the last thing I want," I told MONY man Lee Lehman. "My fishing lure business takes every dime I have."

"But Lee asked, 'What if there's some emergency? What if you died, Summer? Would your wife lose the business and everything?'"

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can count on money to keep the business operating. I've even used my policies to get loans for the company. "I like the way Lee explains things. He gave us the whole story. It's like having a partner, dealing with Lee Lehman and MONY."

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## SCULPTURE

## Era of the Object

Put a bronze man upon a bronze horse, and who salutes? Put a plaster Eisenhower in a real Jeep, and the art world cheers. For in today's sculpture, both traditional subject matter and traditional techniques have gone by the board. Where once marble and bronze held sway, sculpture is now made of plastics, automobile fenders, even fur, carpeting and burlap. In place of the commemorative bust, the symbolic nude or heroic grouping, there are now polyester breads, overstuffed light switches, 3-D inside-out doughnuts, stuffed-leather totems, and well-welded rem-

of bright plastic paint. The result is a spate of new polychromists (see opposite page). Among them:

• ROBERT HOWARD, 42, who has taught art at the University of North Carolina for the past 14 years. His abstract *Landscape XVII* is welded steel painted with two subtly clashing shades of red that seem to warp the solidity of the sculpture. "To do something like it in bronze would cost me \$3,000," he says, "but I go out to the junkpile and pick up steel for 6¢ a pound."

• JEREMY ANDERSON, 43, is a San Francisco sculptor who prefers working in natural-finished wood. He painted the upper reaches of his attenuated *Composite Mythology* green to harmonize its grain. Hardly shocking when compared with Brancusi, the slender shape looks at once like ephemeral femurs knocking on a knee joint and a pinch-waisted dancer on toe point.

• H. (for HORACE) C. (for CLIFFORD) WESTERMANN, 42, is a Los Angeles-born rambler who usually turns out carpenter's daydreams consisting of mirrors and precision mitering. His work at the Whitney is a drum-shaped totem of wall-to-wall carpeting. Says he: "I don't know why I named it *The Plush*. If I liked analysis, I'd be a writer."

• ROBERT HUDSON, 26, working out of San Francisco, creates polychrome assemblages straight out of Spike Jones and his City Slickers. The iridescent blue hand was his starting point in *Charm*; he then kept adding things until, says he, "it has a whole world in it." Why paint it a profusion of colors? "I dig painting too," says Hudson. "What the sculpture can't say, the paint can."

• ELIAS FRIEDENSOHN, 40, like many other artists today, shifts easily between painting and sculpture. His delicate pencil drawings and scruffy oils, which emphasize "the masks people wear which stand in the way of communication," have won him Fulbright and Guggenheim fellowships. His *Pyramus & Thisbe* is a dial-version of Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream* lovers, who can communicate only through a hole in a wall. In the painted epoxy sculpture, Thisbe appears only as an ear modeled inside the back door of the pay phone.

**Victorian Finishes.** No matter how questionable its content, much of the new sculpture is painstakingly crafted. The practitioners of junkyard assemblages have dwindled. Brutalism for its shock effect is on the wane. A new trend is the number of works that are neatly packaged in boxes, which Sir Herbert Read recently thought should be labeled "furniture" rather than

"sculpture." Random objects glitter behind glass in the work of Joseph Cornell and Mary Bauermeister; even Louise Nevelson's newest darkling orbits of woodwork are kept as purely as black-fish in glass bowls.

Neatness of execution, however, was not always a virtue even to Rodin, although aptness of thought was. The vogue for primitive art has led some sculptors to making fetishes. Edward Kienholz, 37, assembles objects from Grandmother's Victorian parlor and makes them into a wild and woolly revulsion called *The Four Bears*, which is composed, or decomposed, of a life jacket, a night table, and the extremities of a stuffed bear (whose sawed-off head nuzzles into a broken goldfish bowl). The human figure, when it appears, seems almost a wry joke. William King, 39, for instance, makes 7-ft. figures out of burlap and metal that are raucous commentaries on the self-pride of mankind. Richard A. Miller, 42, casts a conventional bronze nude. But he does it three times in the exquisite feminine gait clearly following Eadweard Muybridge's sequence photo experiments of the 1880s of a walking nude. Frank Gallo, 31, scoops up plastic like ice cream and molds a life-sized nude slouched in a cantilevered sling chair as if she were left over from last night's orgy. Ideal for a living room.

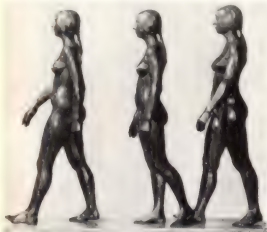
There is proof, too, at the Whitney show that older sculptors are still going strong. Lipchitz looks more curvy than cubist in his bronze *Lesson of a Disaster*, a tripod sprouting flames. Noguchi's smooth, pierced-granite *Black Sun* continues to exploit Oriental eclecticism in graceful abstraction. But the average age of the Whitney's choices is 43. Even younger sculptors are experimenting with new approaches to the object. Some may make sculpture from it.

## ARCHITECTURE

## A Room of His Own

Skyscrapered Manhattan, taken as a whole, is one of man's most fascinating architectural conglomerations. But when it comes to singling out individual masterworks by the greats of modern architecture, the pickings are slim. Frank Lloyd Wright and Mies van der Rohe get only one building each (the Guggenheim Museum and the Seagram Building); Marcel Breuer's first structure (the new Whitney Museum) is only now going up; and Pier Luigi Nervi is relegated to a bus station at the north end of the island. Last week Finnish Architect Alvar Aalto, one of the acknowledged deans of modern design, managed to get his foot in the door. It was for a room, some 4,350 sq. ft. of conference space, atop the new Institute of International Education. The view overlooking the United Nations gardens and the East River is good. The view inside is even better.

**Spaghetti Reeds.** There might have been no room at all for Aalto but for the enthusiasm of Edgar Kaufmann Jr., a



MILLER'S "MARY: WALKING SEQUENCE"

Among polyester breads, a triple image.

nants of the new Iron Age. The definition of sculpture has broadened until it has become an Everyman art, and the results exist more as a fascinating collection of objects than ideal worlds of form.

Best show of the year to assemble the artifacts of the new sculpture revolution is Manhattan's Whitney Museum sculpture biennial, which opened this week with works by 123 sculptors, 50 of them newcomers. Variety is the show's sole common denominator, but the overall impression leaves one fact inescapably clear: the past decade has changed sculpture more than it changed in all the time between Michelangelo and Rodin. Sculpture is no longer a quintessence of form, something to be isolated, set apart and contemplated. Instead, sculpture may plug in and light up, move by machinery or breezes, invite the viewer to play with it. Says Whitney Associate Curator Edward Bryant: "Sculpture wants to come down off the pedestal and create its own environment."


**Plastic Patina.** Some contemporary sculpture now jostling for *Liebensraum* in the living room cries less for the patina of age than for the quick eye jab



COLOR REPLACES PATINA at the Whitney's roundup of sculpture, from Elias Friedensohn's telephonic *Pyramus & Thisbe* (bottom left) to Robert Howard's red *Landscape XVII*. Jeremy

Anderson's lean, green *Composite Mythology, Number 5*, H. C. Westermann's beacon-like, velvety *The Plush* and Robert Hudson's mad-cap combine of man and machine called *Charm*.



**The shirt: Arrow Decton. The place: Delphi.** You rode in on the morning bus from Athens. You spent the whole afternoon studying the excavations. You're now at the Greek theater and your Arrow Decton is giving a smooth performance. This is the shirt that defies wrinkles. Through the day. Through the wash. A perfect wash-and-wear blend of Dacron™ polyester and cotton. Soft, rich-feeling and labeled "Sanforized-Plus" for assurance. \$6.95 in white, solids, many collar styles. Yours is the Glen. They say if you tear a piece of paper on stage, you can hear it in the last row. She's going to try it. **WHEREVER YOU GO**  **YOU LOOK BETTER IN -ARROW:-**





Pittsburgh department-store magnate's son, who studied with Frank Lloyd Wright and talked his father into building Wright's famous over-the-waterfall house at Bear Run, Pa. Kaufmann, who has an equal enthusiasm for Aalto, offered the Finn a commission to create a reception and conference room of his own for the I.L.F.

Working with a mock-up in Finland, Aalto passed on everything, down to the individual blue ceramic tiles that line the lobby, specially designed the laminated Finnish birch furniture and the reedlike gold-dipped light fixtures and lamps. Following his principle that a straight line is the shortest distance to boredom, Aalto made walls undulate outward to make the whole room a stage for the view, and paneled them like a painter with pale American ash. "Wood," says he, "is close to human

THE NEW YORK TIMES



AALTO'S AUDITORIUM

*Within, a grove of hockey sticks.*

experience." Showing off Aalto's virtuosity with wood, these slender columns are made of tiny wooden dowels glued together like bundles of uncooked spaghetti. Another of Aalto's joys is a forest grove of hockey-stick shaped wooden forms that stand alone in an alcove as abstract décor.

**Forest Fire.** Installing the room into the rectilinear concrete frame building was something else again. To let the ceilings rise to the full 22 feet Aalto had envisioned, heavy service machinery had to be shuffled out from the overhead floor. Aalto had planned a wall of his abstract trees, but the New York fire department feared a forest fire and ruled it out. But Aalto professed himself to be not at all disturbed. For the final result is a room that is sophisticated without sacrificing obvious handcraftmanship. Everything is pure high-altitude Aalto. Everything, that is, but the nubby brown carpet. Here another architect had been asked for an opinion. Her name? Mrs. Aalto.

## Which English holiday greeting is older... the first Christmas Card or Gordon's Gin?

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The Boeing jet transport prototype is a unique \$30,000,000 engineering tool. It is the forerunner of the C-135, the U.S. Air Force's No. 1 jet transport, and the Boeing cargo and passenger jets that today dominate the air routes of the free world.

The Boeing prototype is now flight-testing design features needed for heavy logistics aircraft of the future.

During ten years and more than 1,200 test flights, the Boeing jet prototype has contributed importantly to the development of transport aircraft. These developments include advanced engine and thrust-reverser installations, flight control systems, a wide variety of high-lift devices, "all-weather" and short-field landing operational aids, and many other advances that improve the performance, safety and reliability of today's large jets.

At present, the prototype is being used to develop new devices to enable large jet aircraft to land at lower speeds. Results have been spectacular—achieving landing speeds as low as 90 miles an hour. The prototype has also flight-tested an exclusive Boeing high-lift/short landing gear that will permit large aircraft to operate into



Flight-testing Boeing's high-lift devices.



Flight-testing landing gear on soft field.

soft, unsurfaced fields. This capability to land on short, low-strength runways makes many more airfields available to major airlift in the under-developed areas of the world. Forces can be deployed directly to support bases as dictated by tactical considerations.

Top Boeing teams—in design, manufacturing and management—are continuing to develop advanced logistics concepts, along with the giant jet

needed to carry them out. The heavy logistics aircraft Boeing is developing could deploy entire army divisions, including tanks and other heavy firepower equipment. Studies show that a fleet of such transports could provide vastly more efficient airlift, and drastically reduce the ton-mile cost of moving air cargo. Boeing's proposals are backed by experience gained in designing and building all U.S. operational jet aircraft weighing over 100,000 pounds.

Intensive Boeing research, backed by two decades of unparalleled big airplane experience, is today providing the design and conceptual advances needed to produce a truly superior heavy logistics transport.

**BOEING**



Part of 20-wheel high-lift/short landing gear.

## RELIGION

### ROMAN CATHOLICS

#### Pope as Pilgrim

*Yours is a land of ancient culture, the cradle of great religions, the home of a nation that has sought God with relentless desire. Rarely has this longing for God been expressed with words so full of the spirit of Advent as in your sacred books many centuries before Christ: "From the unreal lead me to the real, from darkness lead me to light, from death lead me to immortality."*

—Pope Paul VI in Bombay

*We are keen students of Catholic theology. We know the way in which St. Thomas Aquinas reconciled Christian with Aristotelian thought. In the same spirit, your council is now trying to reconcile Christian revelation with contemporary culture.*

—India's President Radhakrishnan

The fond, impossible dream of Pope Paul VI, that pioneer of papal travel, is that some day he may go somewhere as a "simple pilgrim." That was how he wanted to style his trip to Bombay last week to attend the 38th International Eucharistic Congress. He envisioned himself meeting and perhaps ministering to the poor, the hungry, the sick. Scorning to charter a plane, he simply bought a first-class ticket (fare: \$985.20).

But such a pilgrimage could not be. The Vatican, the Indian government, the relentless exigencies of the press, and even Air India foiled the Pope. The airline closed off part of the first-class compartment, provided a raven-haired stewardess in a striped silk sari, and painted the papal coat of arms on the plane. The Indians, as might have been foreseen, discouraged any extensive visits to the poor as an uncalculated stress on the country's poverty. The Vatican sent along cardinals and priests and sup-

plied tapes of Handel and Vivaldi to be played on the plane. Photographers crowded the plane, and made part of the trip a chaos of flashbulbs.

**A Million Cheer.** Thus the pilgrimage grew grand. On hand at Bombay's Santa Cruz airport to meet the Pope were India's diminutive Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri, stately, goateed Moslem Vice President Zakir Hussain twearing white Congress caps that paired with Paul's white skullcap, and the country's leading industrialist, J.R.D. Tata.

A million frantic Indians turned out to cheer the Pope, shoving and pushing wildly to get a glimpse of him. His white Lincoln Continental convertible took an hour and a half to crawl the 13 miles of highway from the airport to the Eucharistic Congress. Giant signs along the route proclaimed India's welcome: **LONG LIVE THE POPE, NO GREATER LOVE HATH ANY MAN, JOY ICE CREAMS WELCOME PAUL VI.** A bit joltingly, a brilliant sign all awash in white lights on Marine Drive in Bombay blared: **BIRTH CONTROL CENTER FOR SEX HEALING.**

**Serving Mankind.** The next 23 days were filled with official functions, receptions, prayers at Roman Catholic churches, meetings with Catholic priests and nuns and representatives of India's religious communities—the dominant Hindus, the minority Moslems, Buddhists (see cover), Zoroastrians, non-Catholic Christians. Said the Pope to the religious leaders: "We must come closer together. We must come together with our hearts, in mutual understanding, esteem and love."

From far-off Assam came Catholic Naga tribesmen to represent India's poor, coals-to-Newcastle style. They gave the Pope a ceremonial spear. Paul sipped Coca-Cola with India's President Sarve-

palli Radhakrishnan. At a Bombay orphanage he knelt to give first Communion to 22 small, crew-cut boys.

At the consecration of six new Roman Catholic bishops in Bombay, the Pope spoke of the mission of the church: "We are obedient to the love of Christ—that immense love, pouring forth upon all peoples, upon all the men of this earth." But this message, so earnestly and eloquently repeated, frequently got lost in the cheers of the crowd, which had essentially come to see the guru, the holy man from the West in the white cassock and skullcap. Many of the Hindus believed that to see the Pope and perhaps touch him would heal them or bring them luck.

**Nothing but Good.** Although he had mingled only fleetingly with India's poor, the Pope had seen the immense, absolute misery of millions. Along the highway to the airport he saw shacks of cardboard, wood and tin, and dirty puddles of water in which people bathe and wash their clothes. He had seen India's biggest problem—the ever-present emaciated mothers and the hungry children.

On Saturday Pope Paul winged back to Rome for a triumphal homecoming that contrasted with his almost furtive, predawn departure for India. Aboard the *Alitalia* jet, there was a brief scare when escorting Turkish jets flew too close, but mostly the Pope could relax and collect his thoughts and impressions. In India he had spoken to thousands, had been seen by millions. He had impressed them with his asceticism, humility, devotion to truth, man's welfare and peace. He had stressed the need for social justice, "food, clothing, and decent housing for millions." He had shown that the Roman Catholic Church is universal, bearing its message to Asia as well as the Western world. Assessing the impact of the Pope's trip, the *Times* of India concluded: "Nothing but good can emerge from his visit."

### CLERGY

#### A Gentle Fundamentalist

For the office at 8 a.m. A day jammed with work: writing editorials, reading books for recommendation by the *Christian Herald's* book club, meeting with the boards of charities that operate a house for Manhattan's derelicts and five orphanages on the rim of Asia. And that night, a birthday get-together with friends to note that he, the Rev. Daniel Poling, editor of the *Christian Herald*, is 80 years old.

From Kenneth Wilson, the *Christian Herald's* executive editor, the octogenarian and the guests heard a eulogy of affection tempered with humor: "If there's a banner to be waved, he'll wave it. If he doesn't have an opinion, he'll get one while you are waiting. When everyone knows it is safer to let the dust settle first, often as not he is helping to create the dust. He has the uncanny knack 99% of the time of being found, when the dust does settle, on the



PAUL VI IN BOMBAY

*The poor had a message for him, too.*

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side of the saints. The 17% represents, of course, his vote for Goldwater."

**But Not Reactionary.** In his four score years, Dan Poling has whipped up a mountain of dust. When he was a high school student in Oregon, his father told him: "Make your life count for the most." For Poling that meant becoming an ordained minister. In 1912 he was the Prohibition Party candidate for Governor of Ohio (he lost, but remains an unwavering teetotaler). A Dutch Reformed clergyman, he has served at Manhattan's Marble Collegiate Church, first as pastor and, since 1960, as minister emeritus. For the past 37 years, he has been editor of the *Christian Herald*, pulling it out of financial shambles, and building up its circulation to 450,000.

Poling, dubbed a "gentle fundamentalist," says he is "conservative though



EDITOR POLING  
99% on the side of the saints.

not reactionary in theological matters." During the 1960 presidential campaign he publicly doubted that John Kennedy, if elected, could resist Vatican pressure on his official acts. Later, after Kennedy made an unequivocal statement for the separation of church and state, Poling declared himself satisfied, and the two men kept up a warm personal correspondence. In the past few years, he has taken up a crusade for family planning. The *Christian Herald* sometimes raps Catholic knuckles, but Poling employs several Roman Catholics and Jews in key jobs.

**"But That's Negative!"** When one of Poling's grandchildren asked him, "How does it feel to be old?" he replied, "How should I know?" He is fit and trim. Light brown eyes twinkle beneath great bushy eyebrows. Says he of his approach to life: "I have always had faith in God, and trust in Him. Daily I repeat to myself, 'I believe.' I could say, 'I doubt, I deny'—but that's negative. It's a tragedy that we should spend our living on the negative side."



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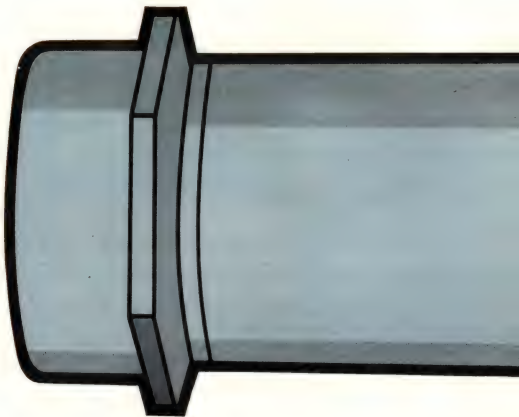
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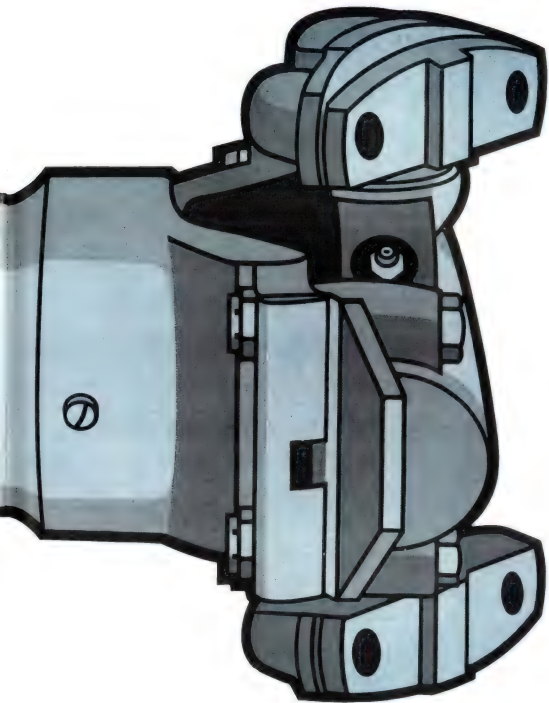


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# U.S. BUSINESS

## THE ECONOMY

### A Strategic Withdrawal

"I turned on the television set and almost fell out of my chair," said a senior officer of the powerful First National Bank of Boston. What caused such consternation was the news of Lyndon Johnson's admonition to the nation's bankers not to increase their loan interest rates. In response to the rise in the Federal Reserve Board's own discount rate, the big Boston bank had just the day before become the third

the Citizens & Southern National Bank, which had raised its prime rate and was left out on a limb.

**Patriotism over Profit.** Just after the Federal Reserve raised the discount rate a fortnight ago, the Administration used its well-tested jawhopper tactics on top Manhattan bankers, who usually set the pattern in the national loan market. Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon telephoned his old friends and, according to Wall Street insiders, Johnson himself got on the horn to some bank chiefs, notably Morgan Guaranty's Henry Clay Alexander. The Administration satisfied itself that the New York bankers would make no immediate increases, partly because their supply of money was well ahead of the loan demand from cash-heavy U.S. corporations. To keep them in that mood, the Federal Reserve last week pumped more than \$1 billion into the banking system.

A couple of other banks outside New York did indeed hike their prime rates from 4½ to 4¾, but Johnson was unmoved because, as one of his aides said, "hell, they haven't got any prime customers to loan to anyway." When the Boston bank risked a jump, there was cause for alarm. The Administration considers the First National to be one of the few non-New York banks with enough power and prestige to lead a nationwide raise in prime rates, as in fact it had done in 1956. Its president, Roger Damon, 58, is a tough-minded innovator who is much more daring than most bankers and likes to upset what he calls "accepted dogma" in banking. To prevent the nation's 16th largest bank from leading a breakthrough to higher rates, Johnson wrote his plea into a previously prepared speech (see *THE NATION*). He chose the blue-ribbon Business Council for a declaration that a bank-rate rise was unjustified and "might slow down our economic advance." The Boston bankers felt unable to rebuff the President.

**Now to Labor.** That was all well and good, but the business community now looks more than ever for Johnson to devote equal time to pressuring labor to keep its costs in line. As the bankers were rescinding their plans to raise rates last week, the United Steelworkers' embattled President David J. McDonald demanded a "substantial" pay raise on top of such fringes as double-time pay for overtime and longer vacations. While McDonald put no price on his package, it surely exceeded the Administration's 3.2% guideline. Did McDonald feel bound by the guideline? "I never have and I never will," he snapped. Pittsburgh reckons that it is closer to a long and bitter strike than at any time since the 116-day walkout of 1959-60. The industry's contracts expire May 1, and Johnson may well have a rougher time with the steelworkers than with the friendly bankers.

## MANAGEMENT

### Soup & Chips

Lyndon Johnson once called it "the greatest group of businessmen in the world," and the Business Council is certainly the nation's leading society of business elite. Its 179 members—most of them chairmen or presidents of great corporations—can usually get the presidential ear. President Johnson last week spoke with them twice. But the private group is far less important for the occasional advice it offers the Government than for the effect its public consensus has on the nation's business psychology. Last week the council elected a new chairman, whose name, face and words will be before the public in the months to come while he acts as spokesman for the nation's top businessmen. The man, William Beverly Murphy, 57, president of Campbell Soup Co.

**Cooking Up Sales.** Like all the other members of the council, Murphy is first a businessman whose reputation ultimately depends on how he performs as a manager. As boss of the world's biggest soup company, which he joined in 1938 after working for the Nielsen rating service, Murphy has proved his ability. His first job at the Camden, N.J., headquarters was devising new products to cook up more sales. He has stuck to the recipe so well that Campbell's sales and profits have doubled since he became president in 1953, and profits have risen every year. In its 1963-64 fiscal year, Campbell netted \$48 million on \$660 million in sales, both records.

Campbell not only dominates the U.S. soup market, canned and frozen, but is the nation's largest producer of canned spaghetti (Franco-American).



BOSTON BANKER DAMON

*From subtle pressures, few bruises.*

U.S. bank to hike its own prime rate, but Johnson's pressure changed all that. Said the First National officer: "By the time we got to work the next day, those of us who run this bank knew what we had to do. Our chances of winning this fight were zero." Out went the First National's increase—and with it, at least for the time being, went the hopes of bankers across the U.S. to raise their own rates.

Johnson had not only subdued the bankers but, quite unlike the case of President Kennedy's turnaround of the steel price rise in 1962, left few visible scars on the business community. Business leaders, who like to borrow their money as cheaply as possible, were in no mood to complain. Wall Street was cheered by the continuing prospect of easy money; the stock market, which suffered its worst fall of the year (11 points) on the day that the Boston bank raised its rate, promptly recovered most of the lost ground. Such criticism as there was fell less on Johnson than on the backing and forthing of the First National. "Shame on them," growled Atlanta's Mills B. Lane, president of



BUSINESS COUNCIL CHAIRMAN MURPHY  
*From a select few, a public consensus.*

blended vegetable juice (V-8), frozen meat pies and TV dinners. Not content with selling 300 products in 110 nations, it has introduced 20 new items since August, is busy expanding seven of its 19 U.S. plants. Murphy, who earns a salary of \$216,274 a year, also believes in personal diversification. He is a director of A.T. & T. and Merck, a trustee of the University of Pennsylvania and M.I.T. and co-chairman of the Greater Camden (N.J.) Movement. He is also a great soup devotee, has a can of it daily for lunch and dinner, notes proudly that the prices have remained virtually the same for a decade.

**Heartless Pressure.** A Republican, Murphy was among the 40% of the council members who supported Johnson for re-election. Last week he sympathetically defended Johnson's views on money, and declared after the bank rate rollback that "there was no feeling that the President was putting the heat on bankers." As for the council's future relations with Government, which were somewhat strained when it broke away from the Commerce Department in 1961 after a spat with Luther Hodges, Murphy says: "Our relations with the President are close and good, and we intend to maintain them that way."

## HOUSING

### Wheel Estate

Nearly a sixth of the new houses being built this year in the U.S. are mobile homes, the product of what the 4,000,000 Americans who live in them affectionately call the "wheel estate" industry. Busily shedding their old image as cramped trailers, mobile homes are moving in rapidly on the market for low-priced housing. On top

of gains averaging 25% in 1962 and 1963, the production of such homes has spurred 23% this year. Last week the Mobile Homes Manufacturers' Association announced that the industry built 159,250 units through October—a record equal to 19% of the ten-month starts of private, one-family houses.

Conventional housing's big new competitor has fattened so fast largely because factory-built mobile homes escape such hobbies as archaic distribution of materials, costly on-site construction and building and zoning codes, all of which boost the cost of traditional housing. Today's typical mobile home, a 550-sq.-ft. unit with two bedrooms, a bathroom, kitchen-dinette and living room, sells fully furnished for \$5,600 on such terms as 20% down and \$70 a month for seven years.

Although mobile homes are built to travel, it takes a truck to haul them (unlike smaller travel trailers, which can be towed by an ordinary auto). Their owners tend to set them on foundations, skirt them with shrubbery and even porches. Manufacturers claim that, rather than mobility, they are selling a prefabricated, delivered-to-site house that is easy to relocate. "We are the answer to low-cost housing," says M.H.M.A. Managing Director Edward Wilson. "The home-builders can't do much about it. They're tied. We have moved into a vacuum." The makers of mobile homes have grown into a \$1 billion industry of 200 firms, five of which now have annual sales above \$30 million.

Although half the industry's sales are to young married couples who need inexpensive shelter, mobile homes are growing bigger and more luxurious. Some carpeted, air-conditioned models command \$16,000; 12-ft.-wide units now account for 21% of industry sales v. 7% last year. Many of the nation's 20,231 mobile-home parks match such amenities with pools and golf courses. "We were uneasy when we invited Jascha Heifetz to our trailer for a weekend visit," says Mrs. Raymond Kendall, wife of the dean of music at the University of Southern California. "but he had such a good time he invited himself back." For the Kendalls, their oceanside unit an hour's drive from Los Angeles is a second home; for most owners, a mobile home is their only abode. Mobile homes are a long way from becoming the prevailing U.S. way of life, but they are a major part of that life in Palm Springs more than half the population lives in them.

## INSURANCE

### New Hands on the Umbrella

Over the new skyline of Hartford, Conn., hangs a big, bright red umbrella—symbolically, at least. The umbrella is the emblem of the Travelers Insurance Companies, which played a major part in making the skyline possible with a \$40 million investment in office buildings, a hotel, a shopping center and



TRAVELERS: TOOKER & DeWITT  
A boss need not be a financial man.

garages. In its 100 years, the U.S.'s largest stock insurance company (it is fourth among all insurance firms) has also reshaped the skyline of the \$178 billion insurance industry, introducing such firsts as double indemnity and automobile insurance. Last week Travelers did some internal reshaping. Into its vacant chairman's seat moved erudite President J. (for John) Doyle DeWitt, 62, to be replaced as president by Executive Vice President Sterling I. Tooker, 51, the likely successor as chief executive when DeWitt retires three years from now.

**What Goes On.** In an industry traditionally dominated by financial men, DeWitt and Tooker are exceptions. DeWitt joined Travelers in 1925, as a claims adjuster, moved through that field to become president in 1952; at his instigation, Travelers has become famous for fast claim paying. Tooker, a Hartford native, was first an actuary, moved over to personnel work after World War II naval service, and has since supervised the 50,000 Travelers agents and brokers who sell policies in 50 states and Canada. Under this untraditional hold, the largest multiple-line insurance company operates with a relaxed kind of multiple management. "DeWitt," explains one Travelers executive, "is not one who comes dashing into a department crying 'What the hell goes on here?'"

What goes on is a flow of innovations that have raised premium income to a record \$1.5 billion. Travelers established its own weather station and research center in 1955, geared casualty insurance thereafter to better information on storms and industrial-accident causes. It was first to introduce monthly budget plans, and it writes 25% of all package-plan insurance sold in the U.S. Travelers' fastest-growing division now is group insurance, which the company got into in 1866 when it wrote a policy covering every member of the Baltimore fire department with \$1,000 in life insurance. This year group will pull even in total premiums collected



TRAILER PARK IN CALIFORNIA  
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(\$700 million) with casualty and fire insurance. The Travelers policy on 1.3 million U.S. railroad workers and their dependents is the largest group policy ever written on non-government employees but the company has also pushed successfully to reduce "groups" first to 25 people and then to four.

**Logical Customers.** The new executive line-up is meant to maintain the initiative. Tooker will administer the company and oversee investments, which lean more strongly than in most companies on Government bonds but also stress mortgages on one-family homes (\$500 million worth) occupied by the kind of people who are logical customers for multiple insurance. Meanwhile, DeWitt will concentrate on Travelers' newest venture. The company is moving overseas. Beginning with insurance on the growing number of U.S. corporations and families at work abroad, it intends to go on from there to spread its umbrellas around the world.

## GOVERNMENT

### What Kind of Monetary Men?

This month's departure of Robert Roosa as Under Secretary of the Treasury highlights an important question about monetary policy in Washington. A substantial number of the highest fiscal posts in the U.S. Government will soon be held by new appointees. The question that concerns businessmen and that there is no way of answering now is: What kind of men will they be?

President Johnson is expected soon to appoint a replacement for Roosa, who resigned to take a partnership in the banking and investment house of Brown Brothers Harriman and write a book on monetary policymaking. Leading candidates for the job: Fred Denning, an able economist and president of the Minneapolis Federal Reserve Bank, who leans toward easy credit; and Charles Combs, vice president of the New York Federal Reserve Bank, an international monetary expert who helped Roosa line up the \$3 billion emergency loan for Britain.

Beyond this, nearly a dozen other important economic posts in Washington will soon change hands. At Treasury, a major turnover is in the offing. Aside from Roosa's job, a successor is still to be named for Henry Fowler, who last spring quit as the second-ranking Under Secretary. The department's No. 4 man, General Counsel G. D'Andelot Belin, intends to return soon to his Boston law practice. And Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon has reportedly served notice that he intends to resign by next July.

Two of the three members of the Federal Home Loan Bank Board, including Chairman Joseph McMurray, have announced that they are leaving by Jan. 1. Internal Revenue is headed by a career man who is acting only as interim boss. On Johnson's appointment

of a new Attorney General, of which there is yet no sign, depends the future of William Orrick Jr., the Justice Department's chief trustbuster. The five-man Federal Power Commission has one vacancy and one holdover member. Vice Chairman Charles Ross, who is serving month to month. Because of President Johnson's longtime Texas ties with oil and gas, Washington is particularly watching his FPC appointments for signs of the direction he will take in his dealings with the regulatory agencies.

In all of these cases, Johnson has given no hints as to what kind of men he is looking for—whether liberal or conservative, consumer- or producer-oriented. The men the President chooses and the policies they make and follow will be of great importance to business and industry.

Edmund S. Clark



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## STEEL

### Competition Moving Inland

A third of the nation's steel and nearly two-thirds of its highly profitable sheet and strip is consumed within 250 miles of Chicago, but only a fourth of U.S. steel is produced in the area. Aware of the opportunities this situation offers in the world's fastest growing steel market, major steel companies are spending nearly \$1 billion to expand or build new facilities in the Indiana industrial complex near Chicago.

U.S. Steel is in the midst of a \$300 million expansion of its Gary works, and second-ranked Bethlehem has already spent \$350 million on its new Burns Harbor installation, where steel-plate production is scheduled to begin this month. Jones & Laughlin is tripling the size of its Hammond mill, and National is turning out flat rolled steel



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December 2, 1964.

from its new mill at Portage. When all the new facilities are completed, Midwest steel capacity may exceed consumption by as much as 30%. Says a Pittsburgh steel executive: "I don't know who is going to hurt whom, but it is going to be one helluva scramble."

**Pricing Advantage.** In the midst of the scramble sits the only major steel company with its headquarters and entire production facilities in the Chicago area: Inland Steel. The smallest of the industry's Big Eight, Inland has long benefited from its proximity to Midwest steel consumers. Sixty percent of its output is sold within 100 miles of Chicago, and practically none is shipped more than 400 miles away. This provides Inland with pricing and delivery-time advantages over distant Eastern mills, and has contributed to its enviable earnings record. The company was eighth in steel production during the first nine months of 1964 (setting a new company production record), ranked seventh in sales, and earned sixth place in earnings with a record \$49 million. Even more impressive, it was first in net income per ton and second only to National in its percent of return on sales and investment.

Inland has built up a large deposit of good will in its area. Many little consumers, told by other steel companies to "call Inland" for their small orders, have grown larger—and stayed with Inland. By encouraging its executives to participate in civic affairs and all employees to take advantage of a corporate education program—half of its 30,000 employees do, at company expense—Inland has developed an excellent community image that impresses local customers. The company recognizes, of course, that it cannot meet its challenge from the East with good will alone. It is spending \$125 million this year for a computerized hot strip mill, a tin-plate cold rolling mill and two 250-ton oxygen furnaces at its huge Indiana Harbor complex in East Chicago, the most concentrated facility in the industry.

**The Defense Is Ready.** From its 19-story, stainless-steel headquarters in Chicago's Loop, Inland is run by another highly concentrated facility of a sort: Chairman Joseph Block, 62, whose grandfather founded the company in 1893. A pipe-smoking intellectual who surrounds himself and his colleagues with modern art, Block angered competitors in 1962 by holding the price line during the steel crisis. Although he recently came out for steel price rises now, Block is realistic enough to admit that "I don't think there is much likelihood of an across-the-board increase any time soon." He is calm about defending his market—a market he knows the way the old-time grocer knew his customers—and he promises: "We shall give a very good account of ourselves." As usual, everyone in Pittsburgh knows exactly what Joe Block means.

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And when a leading chemical manufacturer's products include silicones, which have a soothing and protective effect on skin, they're bound to turn up in skin lotions, creams, and emollients. Jane Tippman uses them to keep a glowing complexion that weather can't beat.

Cotton fields and skin lotions are unlikely markets for one company's products. Unless that company is Union Carbide.

But then, Union Carbide also makes half a

dozen major plastics, along with plastic bottles and packaging films. And it's one of the world's most diversified private enterprises in the field of atomic energy. Among its consumer products are "Eveready" batteries and "Prestone" anti-freeze. Its carbon products include the largest graphite cylinders ever formed, for possible use in solid-fuel rockets. Its gases, liquefied through cryogenics—the science of supercold—include liquid oxygen and hydrogen that will be used to propel the space ships designed to reach the moon.

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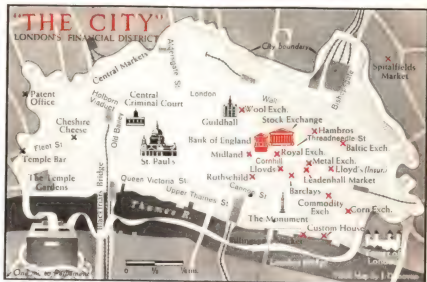
## WORLD BUSINESS

## BRITAIN

## Citadel of the Commonwealth

There is as little in the look of the place last week to suggest that it had been through its most traumatic experience since World War II. Wedged between the Bloody Tower and Temple Bar, the one square mile of London known as the City is not only the financial center of Britain and the Commonwealth but a whole way of life—and that life has endured amid countless crises for more than 500 years. In the narrow streets with the wonderful names—Threadneedle, Cornhill, Cheapside, Poultry, Old Jewry—the rush-hour crowds of sober-suited, bowler-hatted men and chattering typists hurried on their way as usual, emerging from tube stations, buses and chauffeured limousines into the gloom of London's winter day. Brokers lunched rapidly on beer and sandwiches at the mahogany bars of fine old pubs, and the stockjobbers in their silk top hats strode through the streets like characters out of Galsworthy.

Nonetheless, the City had been shaken. It lives and feeds on sterling—and sterling had just had one of the closest squeaks in its history. Just how close it had been was summed up by a top City banker: "The pound was hardly 24 hours from devaluation." Everyone agreed that what had been put at grave risk was nothing less than the survival of London's City as a center of international finance. No wonder the hand that held the sherry glass trembled just a little.



**The Old Lady.** Devaluation, the most dreaded word in the City, was headed off by the \$3 billion line of international credit that steadied the sagging pound. The danger was by no means over—Britain announced that its reserves had melted in November to a seven-year low of \$2.3 billion—but at least the pound was growing stronger (see *THE WORLD*). Whether it continues to do so will depend in part upon the resilient men of London's City. Operating the world's most concentrated and versatile counting-house and the mightiest citadel of money east of Wall Street, they provide Britain with as much as \$500 million a year in "invisible" earnings from overseas.

The City's brokers handle 80% of the world's gold marketing, 65% of its ship chartering and by far the largest amount of its international insurance coverage. To the City's major commodity markets, traders from all over the globe come to buy and sell grain, metals, tea, textiles, rubber, wool, peanuts, buttons and hides. Packed into the area of narrow, convoluted streets and lanes, some of which still cannot take wheeled traffic, are also most of Britain's investment brokers and the London Stock Exchange, which lists more issues (about 9,500) than any other exchange in the world.

Even more important are the City's banks, which thrive where various forms of banking operations have been conducted since the Middle Ages. Behind forbidding stone walls broods "the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street"—the Bank of England—which controls the currency that finances 40% of all international trade. Clustered near by, interspersed with some 30 churches built by Christopher Wren, are 150 banking

houses with such famous names as Barclays, Midland and Lloyds. British banks have for generations made the whole world their oyster, have extensive and direct knowledge of business conditions and customers overseas. Altogether, they have sprouted 500 branches in foreign lands, five times as many as U.S. banks have overseas.

**Jargon & Tradition.** Many of today's City leaders descend from the merchant bankers who bankrolled Britain's colonial expansion and cleared whole continents in the days when sterling was supreme. The most influential among them is the scion of a 200-year-old banking family: George R. S. Baring, 46, third Earl of Cromer, who, as the outspoken and energetic Governor of the Bank of England, was the chief British architect of last fortnight's \$3 billion rescue of the pound. At the top of the private banks are scores of modern-day Rothschilds, Schroders, Brundts, Hambros and other heirs to ancient City fortunes. Despite this strong affection for family and school ties, the City is increasingly looking outward for talent to maintain its standing as what Bank Chairman Jack Hambro calls "one hell of a financial mechanism." In the stock-brokerage firms, in fact, a surprising number of the top partners started out as clerks and now occupy posts that pay \$11,000 to \$45,000 a year.

Once they have reached this level, traders and bankers become part of an in-group with trust in money and in one another. Mysterious to outsiders, including most Britons, the City is cozy and village-like from the inside, speaks its own jargon, and carefully keeps its business confidential. Deals amounting to millions of pounds are often closed



BANK OF ENGLAND'S EARL OF CROMER  
The sherry glass trembled.

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with a casual word, but it is a tenet of the City that business is never discussed in such prestige clubs as White's, Pratt's, Carlton or Brooks. All major financial institutions have their own dining rooms, where financial men daily have guests for relaxed lunches. In their offices, the leaders of London's oldest neighborhood conduct their business in a dark-paneled aura of ceremony: there are grandfather clocks, brass cuspidors and stand-up desks; about, and the desk lamps of Hambros' partners were converted from kerosene. The City also has some of the most strictly observed traditions in the kingdom, including a troop of soldiers who

it has managed to prosper despite the liquidation of the empire, skyrocketing taxes and several postwar sterling crises. Britain's new ministers will probably find its advice worth listening to.

## CANADA

### And a Profit In A Polyvinyl Tree

Power saws ripped through the evergreen stands last week in seven of Canada's ten provinces, and trucks and horse-drawn sleighs hauled the bales of trees off to shipping points. It was that time of year again for Canada's best-known industry, and growers were busy



ARTIFICIAL CHRISTMAS TREES AT MANHATTAN'S MACY'S  
Everything but falling needles and forest smell.

arrive each night from Wellington Barracks to guard the Bank of England.

**Appalled by Bumbles.** Beyond all the tradition and trappings, the City's brokers and bankers are realistic men who look with clear eyes on what is happening to Britain's economy. Thanks to the new \$3 billion credit, they believe that British business and the government have won a few months' time to increase productivity and step up exports. Though appalled by the government's economic bumbles so far, the City's leaders still show a remarkable amount of support for Harold Wilson's Labor government. The consensus is that once the new government has settled down it will pay considerable attention to the City's views.

Labor may be surprised to learn that these tradition-conscious capitalists believe that they are much more modern and competitive than Britain's highly protected industry. Says Kenneth Keith, chairman of the Philip Hill banking house: "We get protection from nothing, and nobody has any particular sympathy if we go under—and that's good." After all, the City rebuilt itself after the great London fire of 1666, which completely destroyed it, and again after World War II, in which it was more thoroughly blitzed than any other part of London. What is even more difficult,

cutting the 15 million Christmas trees that they will sell this year. However, there is a bit of strain in the merryment this year for Canada's exporters of pine, spruce, Douglas and balsam firs. Reason: artificial trees are making steady inroads into the lucrative Christmas tree market.

Canada sells 65% of her trees to the U.S., where Christmas tree sales have soared into a \$155 million annual business. Now, a Chase Manhattan Bank survey points out, artificial trees have taken over 35% of that total and are raising their share of it rapidly. Unlike the cheap and flimsy creations of old, most of the artificial trees are apt to be polyvinyl wonders that resemble the real thing in all but falling needles and forest smell. They are not only flameproof—one big selling point—crush-proof and fadeproof, but can be stored away in a box. And though some sell for as much as \$130, most sell for well under \$25. Fifty thriving artificial-tree companies have grown up in the U.S. to supply the market in only seven a few years ago, and imports are arriving from Britain, Germany and Japan.

Alarmed by these inroads—even in Canada, artificial-tree sales will surpass \$1,000,000 this year—Canadian tree growers are trying to retaliate with better, less expensive trees. Farmers who

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cut and sell wild trees for extra income are being edged out by large tree plantations, where as many as a million evergreens are mechanically planted, protected and harvested, then carefully graded by size and shape. To protect their trees, shippers have begun to wrap them in a new plastic mesh that costs about 25¢ a tree but ensures arrival in good condition. At Mont-

real's MacDonald College, Dr. A.R.C. Jones is grafting European pines onto Canadian trees to produce a greener, fuller tree that will retain its needles longer.

Canadians also are relying on tradition to help retain their market. "We live in an artificial environment," says Dr. Jones. "The Christmas tree is one of the few things left that is natural."

## MILESTONES

**Married.** John Crosby, 52, the New York Herald Tribune's longtime (1946-60), splenetic radio-TV columnist, now its London-based girl-watcher, social essayist and sporadic political pundit; and Katharine Wood, 26, former fashion editor of Edinburgh's staid *Scotman*; he for the second time; in London.

**Divorced.** Anthony Quinn, 48, cinematographer (*Requiem for a Heavyweight*, *Barabba*); and Katherine De Mille Quinn, 51, adopted daughter of the late Cecil B.; in a double decree awarded on grounds of mutual incompatibility, and by reason of his eagerness to "do right by my two little boys"—the two boys by his Italian girl friend, Jolanda Addolori, 29, whom he now hopes to marry; after 27 years of marriage, four children; in Juárez, Mexico.

**Died.** Bobby Marshman, 28, cool, articulate racing driver who had a 27-second lead in the early laps of the Indianapolis 500 last May when he was forced out by mechanical difficulties, stoically predicted: "I'll get lucky one day—just you wait and see"; of burns suffered two weeks ago on a Phoenix test track when his Lotus-Ford crashed at 115 m.p.h. and exploded; in San Antonio.

**Died.** William Felt, 48, wry, worldly president of ultra-progressive Bennington College for girls since 1957, who enthusiastically supported such famed Bennington trademarks as the nine-week semester of outside work, the dawn curfew for girls and 6 p.m. quitting time for boys visiting in dormitory rooms, explaining to distraught mothers and skeptical colleagues: "If regulations are too strict, you run your students into automobiles and motels"; of cancer; in Manhattan.

**Died.** Arkady Aleksandrovich Sobolev, 61, Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister and longtime (1955-60) delegate to the U.N. who never banged a shoe or threw phony fits but achieved dubious fame in 1956 when he pooh-poohed the Hungarian uprising as a conspiracy among "fascist counterrevolutionaries"; after a long illness; in Moscow.

**Died.** Sam Seft, 67, composer of such Tin Panolities as *Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone* and *I'll Al-*

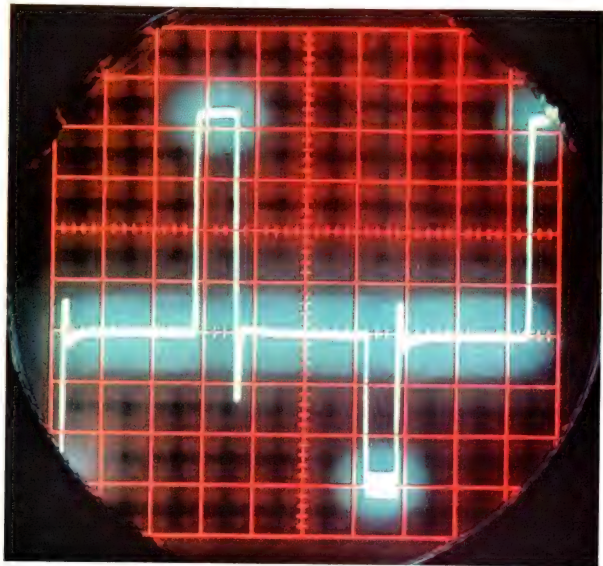
*ways Be in Love with You*, but best remembered for his World War II smasheroo, *Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree*; of a stroke; in Los Angeles.

**Died.** John Burdon Sanderson Haldane, 72, irascible expatriate British scientist who demonstrated that he was his own best guinea pig; of cancer; in Bhubaneswar, India (see SCIENCE).

**Died.** Joseph Morrell Dodge, 74, Detroit banker and a top U.S. economic troubleshooter; of complications following a heart attack; in Detroit. An unbending advocate of sound money and tight credit, Joe Dodge came to the attention of the White House in the early 1940s after he managed to convert a Depression casualty into the prosperous Detroit Bank & Trust Co. (present assets: \$1.2 billion). Called upon to try his fiscal therapy on the inflation-plagued economies of postwar Germany and Japan, he became one of the chief architects of their phenomenal booms by counseling devalued currency and balanced budgets. Then as Eisenhower's budget director through 1954, Dodge performed deft surgery on the U.S. budget, whittling almost \$7 billion from the deficit left by Truman and making possible the \$1.6 billion surplus in 1956.

**Died.** Alberto Tarchiani, 79, Italy's Ambassador to the U.S. from 1945 to 1955, when he rallied U.S. moral and monetary support for Italy's new republic; an early, outspoken anti-Fascist who, as editor of Milan's influential *Corriere della Sera* in the early 1920s, and later as an indefatigable agitator exiled in Paris, was so unrelenting a foe of Mussolini's that he eventually found himself near the top of *Il Duce's* must-kill list; in Rome.

**Died.** Dr. Sidney Haas, 94, Manhattan pediatrician who in the early 1920s found cures for two of childhood's most troublesome ailments, discovering that minuscule doses of highly poisonous atropine would curb colic among infants (it is now also used by ulcer patients), and that a year-long diet of bananas would completely rehabilitate sufferers from celiac disease, which causes such acute diarrhea that one-fourth of its victims used to die from malnutrition; in Orange, N.J.



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## CINEMA

### Freak Show

**Roustabout.** Step right up, folks. It's a carnival, and here come the freaks. Way down there is the midget, way up there is "the tallest man in the world." Behind that bush stands the bearded lady and over in the cutlery department the sword-swallower is just about to



STANWYCK & PRESLEY IN "ROUSTABOUT"  
Loose lip on the midway.

show his guts. But say, what's that whaisit wriggling down the midway: that long damp thing with the pale-green skin and the pollywog eyes and the squirmy little mouth.

Sure enough, it's Elvis Presley. Just after the film begins he oozes up to his carnivaletine (Joan Freeman) and attaches that mouth to her face. She staggers back in alarm, but the old sottie (Barbara Stanwyck) who owns the show takes a liking to the lunk and pays him to sing pretty for the people. He doesn't sing very pretty, but there are compensations—when he starts singing he stops acting. Anyway, just before the film ends Elvis presents a fairly stiff upper lip, pays off the mortgage, gets the girl, "Git clossuh," he instructs her bluntly. "Ah give awf body heat." To doubt it would doubtless be unkind.

### True to Form

**The Model Murder Case.** In England, a tidy little homicide nearly always turns out for the best. A model call girl is felled by an assassin's bullet. Suspicion naturally falls on the TV star next door. But one clue leads to another, and soon Chief Inspector Ian Hendry is up to his large firm chin in a gallery of smooth British character types. If the telly favorite didn't kill the girl, who did? The waterfront drifter she dated? Her neuroathenic mother? The sculptor? The passee opera diva? Or the boy friend's brother's jealous wife?

Though true to formula, this stout mystery thriller efficiently hooks an audience and holds it. Revelations pile up,

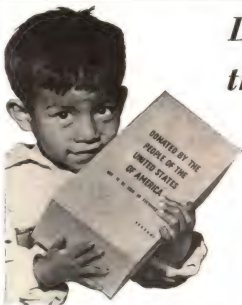


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Proprietary Pharmaceutical Manufacturing—Ethical Standards

marking a trail of drugs, violence and death from posh London digs to homosexual dives to seedy Thames-side riverboats. Actor Hendry follows the spoor without woman chasing or wine tasting, as if James Bond had never been invented. Tough, realistic, dryly humorous, he behaves precisely like a harassed civil servant who can't find time to get to bed with his own wife, much less anyone else's. His performance ends, inevitably, with the declaration: "Everything seems to fit." And everything does. Just like the daily crossword.

### Shostakovich Swings

Song over Moscow, for Western audiences, is a cinematic curio, a satirical Russian musical about young love embattled by status seekers, bureaucratic bumblers and the apartment shortage. Giddy and boisterous, the film gulps down its pill of social realist picture-painting and produces some fascinating side effects. It affords a sly peek behind the Iron Curtain, and seems to take all its bows facing West.

The songs are by Soviet Composer Dmitry Shostakovich, who blithely dissolves ideological conflicts in a burst of tuneful Slavic horsesh. Occasionally the Magicolor screen becomes a hotbed of artistic freethinking, dissolving into sets that look very MG.Msky, if not downright cubistic. The costumes are a Sears, Roebuck fashion show.

Belted it out are a group of rugged country cousins to the *College Swing* types that used to save the varsity show in Hollywood musicals of yore. These kids swing in an unfinished Moscow suburb called Cheremushki, "where skies are blue, and dreams come true," and where an empty flat gets heat in the summertime. "Don't worry, in the winter it'll be cold," quips Boris, a lumpish, curly-topped blaster on the construction crew. With everyone's dream swaddled in Red tape, and keys to the new flats hard to come by, Boris waltzes around a statuesque museum guide, Sergei, the truck driver, serenades the blue-eyed operator of a giant crane. And one hip-swinging blonde (the Betty Grable part) works her wiles on the doughy bureaucrat she has married to improve her standard of living. "There's nothing I wouldn't do for you," she teases. "But how can I do it in two tiny rooms?" Be-



**BUREAUCRAT & BLONDE IN "MOSCOW"**  
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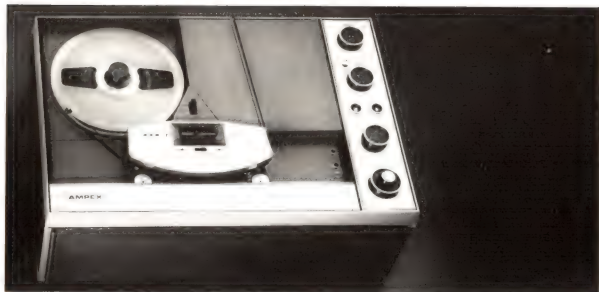
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**CALVIN COOLIDGE** Among the first Presidents to endorse the United Way of voluntary support of community health, welfare and recreation services while in office. He said: "I'm glad to give. The Community Chest is a fine idea."



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**LYNDON B. JOHNSON** "One of our enduring American traditions has been the voluntary contribution of time and money to strengthen our country's many communities. Everywhere in the world, as possible, give us generously toward the end. Millions of Americans perform both a public service and an act of human compassion by their participation in and generosity toward the United Fund or Community Chest. In doing so, they exercise a common sense; help their community; assist the young and old, the sick and distressed."



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**JOHN F. KENNEDY** "I hope that you will join in this great national effort, this great national crusade through the United Way, and give. I will make your community a happier place. It will make you a happier person, and in the real sense your community in your country. It will make our country a finer place in which to live. United, there is little we cannot do..."



**DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER** "We can't possibly know about our neighbors in need. Somebody must show us the way to help them. This is the purpose of the United Community Campaigns of America. Right now these United Campaigns are getting under way in over two thousand communities across the United States. They create an atmosphere of neighborliness to express the traditional neighborly concern of America."

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fore virtue triumphs, *Moscow* establishes itself as a milestone of sorts. Despite its amateur-theatrical air, it shows the refreshing possibilities of Soviet sociology played solely for laughs.

### Misery for Fun & Profit

*Slave Trade in the World Today* is an Italian-made documentary that pursues its righteous ends with unseemly gusto. It begins in almost Biblical solemnity, citing the U.N. declaration that "slavery and the slave trade shall be prohibited in all their forms." Next, Novelist Robin Maugham, nephew of Somerset, reports that he himself bought a slave in the Sahara for \$105 and set him free. And who is to blame for the traffic in human beings in Africa and the Middle East? Who else but the U.S., which, Maugham says, cares only for her "vast oil interests. Britain does nothing because she does not want to offend Washington."

From that preachy starting point, the



FLESH PEDDLERS IN "SLAVE TRADE"  
A peep show with purpose.

film plunges into a peep show of questionable authenticity, poking its lenses through garden walls and desert shrubbery, suggesting much, proving little. The most chillingly persuasive sequences show the whipping of African natives who are for sale to Arab herdsmen, a raid on a caravan smuggling enslaved children from Chad to Saudi Arabia. Later a trader inspects a naked native woman as if she were horseflesh, coolly examining her teeth.

Though slavery certainly exists, the moviemakers who exploit misery for profit repeatedly flesh out their meager evidence of it by ogling puberty rites and bare-breasted concubines. Footage of a strip show in Beirut brings on a French tootsie who casts a hard eye at the camera and says she will gladly trade off her pasties to any sheik, sultan or oil-rich daddy who can meet the cover charge. This may be slavery, but most of the civilized world has another name for it.



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## The Driving Will

THE FOUNDING FATHER by Richard J. Whalen. 541 pages. New American Library \$6.95.

Harvard is beating Yale 4-1. Two outs, last of the ninth. The Harvard pitcher (and captain) heckons to a lanky redhead on the bench to take over first base so that he can win his letter. Yale's last batter grounds out. The captain asks the sub for the winning ball, but he refuses to hand it over. "I made the put-out, didn't I?" snaps Joseph P. Kennedy.

"Joe was the kind of guy who, if he wanted something bad enough, would get it and he didn't care how he got it," recollects Joe's ex-teammate, who tells this story on him. In this case, Joe



JOE KENNEDY AS BANK PRESIDENT 1916:  
Popular with plutocrats.

wanted his Harvard H, and Boston politicians pressured the captain to put him in the game. In other cases, Joe wanted considerably more. What he wanted and what he got are the subject of this fascinating first biography of President Kennedy's father.

The book began as an article in *Fortune* (January 1963) that was reprinted in *Life*. Biographer Whalen, an associate editor of *Fortune*, took leave from the magazine to write the book, which he did without any explicit help from Joe Kennedy or any other member of the family. But the available material is voluminous, and the story is vividly told and carefully documented.

**Smiles and Spitballs.** Grandson of an Irish immigrant, son of a barkeeper-politician, Joe Kennedy grew up in the rough world of Boston ward politics and wanted out. Though most Roman Catholic boys went to church schools, Kennedy's parents were wealthy and ambitious enough to send him to Harvard. There he mingled with Yankee plutocrats among the alumni, kept them supplied with choice tickets to football games. With his flashing smile and disarming frankness, Joe got along with

most anyone. On a summer cruise to Europe, he spotted Heavyweight Boxing Champ Jack Johnson in the ship's lounge, promptly bounced a spitball off his massive dome. Johnson turned and glared. Kennedy smiled and introduced himself, danced with Johnson's pretty wife, and left with a card inscribed, "To Joe Kennedy, a mighty fine fellow."

With this kind of brashness, Kennedy fought for and won control of a Boston bank, made himself bank president at 25, and married Mayor John ("Honey") Fitzgerald's daughter Rose. When World War I broke out, Kennedy went to work for Bethlehem Shipyard in Boston as assistant manager, helped the yard break one production record after another. Chief thorn in his side was another ambitious young man, Navy Assistant Secretary Franklin Roosevelt, who drove such a hard bargain that he occasionally reduced Kennedy to tears, and once, when Kennedy refused to deliver two battleships to Argentina until payment was received, F.D.R. ordered the ships towed out of the yard.

**Contemptuous of Capitalists.** After the war, Kennedy left for more profitable pastures in New York, where he plunged into the stock market, earning a reputation as a clever bear. Always alert for a fast buck, he went to Hollywood in 1926, bought a film company, and started turning out low-budget potboilers. He became banker and confidant to Gloria Swanson, who named an adopted son after him. Kennedy, however, made the mistake of putting her in one of his pictures, *Queen Kelly*, which featured such gamy scenes as a priest administering the last rites to a madman dying in a bordello. The Kennedy-Swanson team split up in acrimony. "I questioned his judgment," Gloria Swanson told Whalen. "He did not like to be questioned."

After making some \$5,000,000 in 32 months in the cutthroat movie industry, Kennedy pulled out; he also bearishly pulled out of the stock market in time to save his fortune from the 1929 crash. Fearing revolution and contemptuous of his fellow capitalists for not foreseeing the crash, Kennedy became an early, enthusiastic supporter of his old antagonist Franklin D. Roosevelt. He worked hard on William Randolph Hearst, who controlled the California delegation. Hearst finally came around, and Kennedy liked to boast that he was responsible. "though you don't find any mention of it in history books."

After the election, Roosevelt appointed Kennedy first chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission. It was a shrewd choice. Kennedy knew his way around the exchanges and could not be bluffed; he was also eager to do a good job. Not only did he vigorously administer a rather clumsily written law; he reconciled business to the SEC and encouraged new capital financing in the depth of the Depression.



WITH JACK (1938):  
Proud as a patriarch.

**Shattered Career.** As a reward, Kennedy was named ambassador to England in 1938, where he found a kindred spirit in Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain, another businessman-turned-politician, and he eagerly seconded Chamberlain's appeasement policies. Believing that all the world's ills could be solved by clever horse trades, Kennedy urged making a deal with Hitler, and he applauded the Munich capitulation. Determined to intervene on the side of Britain, Roosevelt eventually gave up on his pessimistic ambassador, who was so convinced of Nazi victory that he even objected to Americans enlisting in the British armed forces—on the grounds that Hitler might retaliate by shooting all U.S. citizens when he occupied London. By the time he resigned in 1940, Kennedy had worn out his welcome in England and was anathema to the New Deal at home.

His own career in politics shattered, Kennedy concentrated on his sons' careers. "His would be the driving will, theirs the legs that would go the distance," writes Whalen. Joe contributed not money alone but prodigious energy to Jack's various election campaigns. Staying in the background, not trying to influence Jack's opinions, he master-



AFTER STROKE:  
Tragic without tears.





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**"the wheel that squeaks the loudest  
is the one that gets the grease..."**

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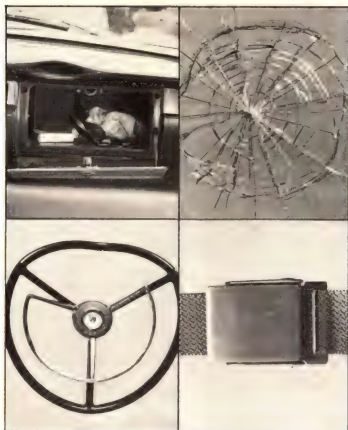


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minded campaign strategy, persuaded acquaintances all over the country to help out.

At age 72, while playing golf at Palm Beach, Kennedy suffered a serious stroke, leaving him partially paralyzed and near death. It was 21 years before he could take a few steps, and he still cannot speak very well. He received his greatest blow when, sitting in his bedroom at Hyannis Port, he learned from Teddy of Jack's death. Quiet and dry-eyed, while even the Secret Service man wept, Kennedy never once broke down. Whalen reports. And though his doctor had agreed that he was strong enough to travel to Washington for the funeral, Joe decided to stay in Hyannis Port. He watched the funeral on television in his bedroom.

### Voices of Silence

THE BURNT ONES by Patrick White.  
308 pages; Viking, \$4.95

Patrick White has offered his native Australia an embarrassment of literary riches. As to the riches, there is no doubt. White's six novels, from *Happy Valley* (1939) to *Riders in the Chariot* (TIME, Oct. 6, 1961), make up Australia's greatest fictional creation. Nor is there any doubt as to the embarrassment. White's bleak and austere vision is deeply antipathetic to the semiofficial Australian credo with its jovial good cobbery, manly democratic virtues and no-nonsense sex. White sees Australia, like his defeatist characters, as drifting toward a lost-generation doom of "in-pregnant negation, where there are no questions, only answers."

**Snobbish Mother.** He is obsessed by the separateness of Australian man and man, of man and woman, by the loneliness and silence at the dead heart of life. Typical is *Dead Roses*, best of this collection of short novels and stories. Anthea Mortlock seeks herself despite her grotesquely snobbish mother, who wants her "in society." Anthea finds brief ecstasy in a scuffle on the sand with a local rebel. But he indifferently leaves town, and she relapses into marriage to a rich miser of the affections. Her husband is mercifully killed in an automobile accident, and she is left the money to wander the world, a rich exile with her looking glass for judge.

As a bald theorem, the story is nothing much. But White uses poetic means to suggest the self-defeat of a woman in whose face life has closed its door. Promised a view of an "estuary of black swans," Anthea imagines herself standing on the promontory that is covered by paper-bark trees, near enough to see the writhing of the black necks. "Did she altogether want? Or touch the papery bark, flaking down, down around the grey dunny," into opalescent scales. Sun and wind, to say nothing of moonlight, had worked upon the paper-barks. Better to watch with-

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He was a devoted man who deeply loved his family. A just man who asked God's help and guidance to keep the peace in a troubled world.

He was a man of warmth, of wit, of wisdom.  
He was the young President we all felt we knew so well.

The world knew John Fitzgerald Kennedy, too.

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out becoming involved in any process of skin. She withdrew her hand, finally, out of reach of further experience."

**Twisting Hands.** White's acerbic eye and listening ear allow no part of Australia's mores to go unrecorded. In *Down at the Dump*, he describes the funeral of the town fart with Gogolian rambunctiousness. *Willy-vagtails* by Moonlight is an equally authoritative (and equally comic) account of a dinner party of two couples. The dim hostess, Nora, "made a point of calling her husband's employees by first names, trying to make them part of a family which she alone, perhaps, would have liked to exist." Her more earthy guest, Eileen Wheeler, had been a school chum. "She had tried to tell Nora one or two things, but Nora did not want to hear. Oh, no, no, please, Eileen, Nora cried. As though a boy had been twisting her arm. She had those long, entreating, sensitive hands. And there they were

TIME, 1946



PATRICK WHITE

*The separateness of man and man.*

still. Twisting together, making their excuses. For what they had never done." And the evening climaxes when the visiting couple learns (by hearing the husband's tape recording of bird calls that accidentally runs on to include giggles and soft cries) that Nora's husband has been sleeping with his devoted secretary. Or should climax. In fact, both couples ignore the discovery, and go on drinking.

Here, as always, White's preoccupation is not with character. It is with the silence and void in which the characters live. Grumbled one critic: "Never before have Australians been asked to contemplate such vast ambiguities in their country and their souls."

## Last of the Sweaty Saints

THE FRATRICIDES by Nikos Kazantzakis. 254 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$5.

A fervent recorder of wars and revolutions, the late Nikos Kazantzakis knew that progress is often ushered in by violence. But the 1947-49 Greek civil war seemed to him beyond all reason. "The criminals have cut Greece in two, as if she were not alive," cries the priest-



Miss Shirley Kay, Hobart North Welding Supply, Inc. (address on request)

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**More than 133,000** small businesses now enjoy the convenience, efficiency, and economy of the DM for about 30¢ a day. And better than one-third of DM users average less than \$1 a day in postage!

There are a dozen other meter models, powered and hand operated. Call any of the 190 PB offices for a demonstration of the meter you need. And ask to see the new PB Addresser-Printers for machine addressing.

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**Last week a dastardly blow was struck against the true sons of Scotland who cherish and revere The Real MACKENZIE scotch as their very own. Some money raking bunch of scoundrels want to go and ship off The Real MACKENZIE to America!**

Not that our gentle natures have anything to tak' a scunner with you fine lads in America. It just being the fact that we Scotsmen have had The Real MACKENZIE to ourselves these 138 years and would enjoy keeping it that way. So we're clannishly forming a sept and calling ourselves The Real MACKENZIE Scotch for Scotch-Men Society.

Sure, we would be the first to admit there's nothing to equal the delicately light and real smooth, smooth full flavour of The Real MACKENZIE. And in payment for you missing the pure delights of The Real MACKENZIE'S excellence, bide a wee and remember

how gladly we share our wools, our dogs, our submarine bases, our game of golf and many other fine whiskies with you American lads. We dearly hope you can consider it a fair trade for staying clear of our MACKENZIE.

Can you no' put yourself in our shoes but a moment. Would ye be liking it if some blearing idiot wanted to export all the apple pie in America? Eh?

Perhaps that can give you the merest suspicion of how we're feeling about The Real MACKENZIE and why we canna' stand the burden of parting with so much as a wee drap of its bonnie flavour.

Och, let us bare our hearts to you good Americans. We've grown so fond of The Real MACKENZIE it would be like cutting off an arm o' two to see it be quaffed anywhere but here in the noggins we Scotsmen hold high above all others.

Maybe a bit of an analogy would help you to ken the implications. We're thinking it's like the stirring skirl of the pipes should n'ae be heard except at the gathering of the Clan. Or who among ye could imagine the purple heather spilling over the hills like so

much wine in any other nook n' cranny but in the beloved Highlands? Are you beginning to get the way of it?

Now perchance you can see you'd be doing us no end of a fine kindness if you would consent to take our feelings into your hearts and keep your hands off The Real MACKENZIE.

And if you could be seeing your way to back our cause, we'd be proud if you'd do us the honour of joining us. Send in free to Box 900, Louisville, Ky. for our Real MACKENZIE Scotch for Scotch-Men Society pin. It's a lovely little bauble with the letters of our mission (RMSFSS) stamped out bold and clear for all to read and admire. We only ask you to wear it proudly lads. And if you would be taking any sort of giff o' gaff from those who would curse our good cause, keep Bobbie Burns' words close in mind when he was saying, "Liberty's in every blow, let us do or die, long live the RMSFSS! (Begging Rabbie's pardon, the last stanza being our own).



Wools



Scotties



Sub-bases



Golf

## REAL MACKENZIE STAY HOME!

**This ad sponsored by The Real MACKENZIE Scotch for Scotch-Men Society.**

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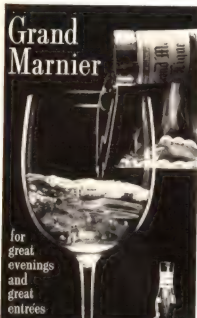
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hero of his last novel. "And each piece has gone mad and wants to eat the other. I stand alone, deserted, and no matter whose corpse I see, my heart aches; because I see a part of Greece rotting." Kazantzakis' *The Fratricides* is a frantic, sometimes bombastic book, more sermon than novel, written, as it were, at the top of his voice. The old man, who died in 1957, did not go gentle into that good night.

**Dancing on Coals.** The town of Castello, perched high in the rugged, inhospitable Epirus mountains, has been split by the war. The Royalists still control the village; the Reds have taken to the hills. Every day the two forces meet in bloody, hand-to-hand combat, using rifles, knives, teeth and fingernails. It is because they have lived so close to one another that they fight so fiercely. No one excels Kazantzakis in portraying this love-hate ambivalence. In one memorable vignette, Kazantzakis tells how a group of Royalists and Reds shoot it out one winter's day in a ravine, and then, exhausted and wounded, huddle together for warmth as their lives ebb out.

Only one man in Castello refuses to take sides. Seventy-year-old Father Yánnaros is the last of a distinguished line of Kazantzakis heroes—sweaty, seedy, tortured saints, torn between faith and doubt, hope and despair, a yearning for solitude and a compulsion to aid their fellow men. Yánnaros travels through life as if on a tightrope, or as he puts it, dancing barefoot on hot coals: "Every saint is a firewalker. And so is every honest man in this hell we call life."

Dreaming of a Last Judgment in which God not only shows mercy to everyone but in which even devils exchange their horns for wings, Yánnaros determines to rely on the good will of both sides to end the war. He goes up into the hills one night, offers to surrender the town to the Communists if they promise to spare its inhabitants and allow them freedom. The Communists agree, and Yánnaros departs with a fresh understanding of Communism as "the heart of man awakening and growling because it was hungry."

**Freedom from God.** Father Yánnaros returns to town and persuades his fellow citizens to overpower the Royalist leaders and truss them up. The Communists enter the town unmolested, announce that freedom will come "later," and that all their enemies will be shot, including Yánnaros. "Night falls upon us and the massacre of night begins," the priest cries. "Now the beasts—birds, mice, caterpillars, jackals—will leap on one another to kill or kiss. God, what kind of world have you created? I cannot understand!"

Kazantzakis is made of sterner stuff than his doomed hero. It is clear from all his works that the greatest happiness is to be found in the greatest suffering, or as Kazantzakis puts it, Christ's Crucifixion and Resurrection are one. Man helps God, as much as He helps

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man. By his own actions, man defines the nature of God. In spite of death and defeat, Father Yánnaros enriches the world with the vision of the God for which he sacrificed himself.

## The Poet & the Public Man

SELECTED LETTERS OF ROBERT FROST edited by Lawrence Thompson. 645 pages. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, \$10.

Having attained the seventh age of the public person, grand old manhood, Robert Frost spent a large part of his last two decades receiving the accolades of national affection. But there is a perverse quality of dismissal about a nation's affection, as if the recipient were being asked while still alive to mount a bronze horse, assume a statutory stare, and to refrain from doing anything that would require the recutting of the inscription on his pedestal.

Frost encouraged the display, partly because of a lifelong hunger for public

politely and entertainingly, but with insistence—for money, or flattered editors so that money could be asked for in the future. He coached friendly critics, and was shameless in calling attention to the notices they produced. An unfriendly and unjust reading of his correspondence could have it that Frost spent the first two-thirds of his life hawking his product and the last third complacently enjoying the proceeds.

**Omens & Leprechauns.** Frost was, of course, an enormously complex man, and the frequent hints he dropped show that he knew it. "You are not going to make the mistake that [Ezra] Pound makes," he warned a publisher, "of assuming that my simplicity is that of the untutored child. I am not undesigning."

His correspondence seldom strayed far from his own predicament, but it was rarely tedious and frequently charming. A meeting with Yeats produced a conflict between Frost's sharp literary sense ("the man of the last 20 years in English poetry") and his common sense. Yeats thought rural matters quaint and believed in leprechauns, and Frost had just spent nine years rooting stones out of his New Hampshire pasture without any converse with the spirit world. There is a wonderful raspberry at Carl Sandburg ("His mandolin pleased some people, his poetry a very few and his infantile talk none. He is probably the most artificial and studied ruffian the world has had"). And in a letter to Louis Untermeyer, an astonishing admission in 1938: "Two years ago I wanted to be a Senator."

**Combing Wave.** The letters offer no single exposition of Frost's theories of writing, but remarks scattered about the volume show something of his approach. He cuts off a good-humored parody of free verse with a perfectly serious joke: "But I desist for want of knowing where to cut my lines unhokuspokusly." He wrote to John Cournos, an unsuccessful novelist: "There are the very regular, pre-established accent and measure of blank verse; and there are the very irregular accent and measure of speaking intonation. I am never more pleased than when I can get these two into strained relation. I like to drag and break the intonation across the metre as waves first comb and then break stumbling on the shingle. That's all but it's not mere figure of speech."

regard, and partly, it is reasonable to suppose, with privacy aforethought. The more the honors are heaped, the less chance of too-personal prying into the man at the heap's bottom. "I have written," he once confided to his friend John Bartlett, "to keep the over-curious out of the secret places of my mind, both in my verse and in my letters."

**Money & Flattery.** Until an adequate biography of Frost is published—Editor Lawrence Thompson's is due next year—the best indication of where Frost's secret places may lie is offered in his letters. This collection begins with a puppy-love note, written in 1887, when he was twelve, and ends with dinner invitations from Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy. It would not be fair to say that what lies between shows the shape of his life. There are only occasional hints, for instance, to suggest the depth and quality of his relationship with his wife Elinor, presumably because the two were not separated often enough to exchange many letters.

A great many of the letters from Frost's youth and middle years asked—

# What to give the other women in your life

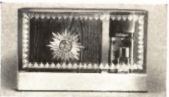
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